THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 26.

"THE BEING OF THE HEART."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Most splendid are the myriad stars that light
The dark-blue, solemn silence of the night!
Yet were they all mine own, and mine the power
To rest in each bright bosom any hour,
I'd give my glorious empire willingly,
Oh, Form that haunts my Dream-land! to win thee.

Thy faultless features are so purely fair,
And the gold glowing of thy wavy hair,
Makes sunshine for my spirit; and I view
A lovelight wooing in the dreamy blue
Of thy unchanging eyes. Could tears not flow
Through their dark, heavy lashes drooping low?"

So like a mortal, save of loftier mold,
Canst thou, my idol! be mist-like and cold?
Could not thy sweet lips' parted loveliness
Grow palpable one moment even, and press
The pallid, calm compression of my own,
And breathe new spirit through their seeming stone?

Could not thy warm love fire a passion glow
Through my unchanging cheek? No, no, oh, no—
I ask the unattainable—the wine
Of Dream-land is too rich for brain like mine—
It burns a madness through the very soul,
And I've no power such madness to control.

Yet, if in olden times Egeria blest
The ideal longing in a mortal's breast,
Could not a god come as a goddess came,
And light this statue-form with soul of flame?
Ah, through the mists of madness in my brain
I hear an evil angel shriek: In vain!

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC, ETC

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAST OF THE PIRATE.

The companion-way of the cabin of the brig was covered by a trunk about three feet high, and about the same in width; and the entrance was guarded by two doors, each of which was a foot and a half wide. When this companion-way was open for passage, the top of the trunk was slid back; but this top was now bolted firmly on, and secured upon the outside, so that the breaking down of the door only gave the pirates an aperture eighteen inches wide, by three feet high, through which to force their way. They might have knocked down the other door, but the moment the first was down, the rush was so great, that the narrow way was fairly choked up; the men were wedged in like pigs in a corner, and the only movement they could possibly make, was to press forward with all their power.

The first man of them who made his appearance was a great, stout fellow, named Maxhall, an India Englishman, and one of the most savage and bloodthirsty of the pirate crew. As his head arose from the companion-way, Pinto's handspike came down upon it with such force as fairly to smash the skull; but instead of falling back, the pressure from behind forced it up, and the huge body was thrown forward in its death-gasp upon the deck.

"Don't git in front of the way!" cried Jack, as he brought his handspike down upon the second head. "They're goin' to fire! They've got pistols!"

As he spoke, his party divided to the right and left, in which position they could strike down the pirates as well as in front. The villains had obtained their pistols in the cabin.

The man whom Jack had struck, was forced up by those behind, as the first had been, and another head quickly followed, which served as a mark for the club of O'Neil. Thus, three of the pirates had been killed and forced upon the deck, when the strong pressure burst open the larboard door. Had the cover of the trunk been now slid back, the mutineers would have been in a very dangerous position; for the pirates could then have rushed up faster than they could have been knocked back; but as it was, they were still crowded and impeded in their progress. The aperture was only three feet square, and hence they had to come out upon their hands and knees; or, at best, upon their hands and feet; and only two could come at a time. The moment the larboard door gave way three of them crowded half up, and there they stuck, until they were killed by those above.

"Back with 'em!" shouted Warton, who was at the foot of the ladder. "Pull 'em back, or push 'em up, and then fire! Use your pistols!"

The living pirates attempted to pull the three corses back that now choked up the way, but they found that impossible, from the crowded state of things behind; so they tried to tumble them over upon the deck. This last work they finally accomplished, but at the expense of two more men, who were knocked in the head by Pinto and Wallace.

At this moment, half a dozen pistols were discharged, but without doing any damage. The pirates were not in a position, even, to fire a pistol with any precision.

At this juncture, the voice of Warton was heard calling his men back. He saw the trouble, and he hoped to remedy it. He called every man down, and in a moment more he was heard to give orders as follows:—

"Now—here!—Move spry! Form two and two! Back here, in front! Form in two files, and then rush up to death! You only keep each other back, by crowding up as you have done!"

MARGERY GRUTT COMES TO A DETERMINATION.

At this moment, Jack's eye rested upon the running end of the mizzen-topsail-sheet, which lay coiled up just forward of the trunk, by the mizzen-mast. Quick as thought he turned to Pinto and spoke; and then, while the latter clapped the doors to, he caught the stout rope, whisked it around the trunk, and gave it a turn about the rail on the opposite side. O'Neil and Dolan caught a-hold and helped draw the sheet taught, and then it was carried back, with another turn, from whence it started. After this, it was carried once more about, and then hauled tight and belayed; thus giving three turns of the stout rope about the two doors.

At the first turn, the pirates had rushed up, but they were too late to force the doors open. The sheet had been drawn so taught that they were held down firm, and once more the axe was brought into requisition. But their time was passing.

Over half an hour had elapsed, and the ship was now almost up. Three of the mutineers went to the braces and lay the main-topsail aback; thus heaving the brig to. In three minutes more, the man-of-war war was in hail.

"What brig is that?" cried the captain.

Jack seized a trumpet, and sprang to the rail.

"The pirate brig, *Wild Stag!*" he returned. "Ten of us have secured the crew below! Help! Help!—quick!"

A man in the ship's main-top at this moment, represented to his commander, that he could see dead men on the brig's deck.

The captain cast his eye over the brig, and as he saw no signs of preparation for resistance, he gave orders for bringing his ship to, under the pirate's lee quarter.

Warton heard all this, and with all the power of voice he could command, he thundered away for his men to break down the doors. It was too late now, to think of the hatches. The axe was plied again with renewed force, and very soon an aperture was made, large enough to run a man's hand through. A sharp knife was run through, and the sheet cut, before it could be prevented. Only one length was cut; but as the turns had not been belayed, the doors were pushed partly open. And yet nothing was gained towards a passage; but in a moment more a sharp cutlass severed the two remaining turns, and then the doors flew back.

But the pirates had been too long at the work. Two of them rushed up, and met the crashing blows of the handspikes of Pinto and O'Neil, just as the captain of the ship, with his men, all armed to the teeth, leaped on board. Jack turned towards him, and in hurried periods he cried:—

"We ten, sir, were trapped aboard this brig by treachery. Long ago we formed a plan for givin' her up. This is our first chance. The pirates are below. We got 'em down there by a trick. There's thirty-two on 'em alive. We've killed seven!"

"No—only thirty on 'em!" interposed Pinto. "O Neil and me just settled two on 'em!"

At this juncture the pirates made a movement for the cabin windows; but they were foiled here, for Bion and Redland had been over and secured them all.

The captain of the ship asked Jack if he had command of the deck.

"I have had, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir," added Pinto touching his hat, "Jack Wallace cooked up the whole plot, sir, and has been our head man from the first."

"Good," resumed the Englishman; and then turning to Jack, he added: "Will you give up your command to me?"

"Wont I?" cried the old sailor, joyfully. "Yes, *sir*. You are my capt'n, now, and we are all ready to obey orders."

The commander smiled, and thanked the noble sailor, and then turned to the companion-way.

The pirates had all withdrawn to the cabin, where they could be heard talking in low, earnest tones; curses—deep and impious—mingling with their conversation; while upon the deck were now a hundred men, awaiting the orders of their commander.

"Hallo! below there!" cried the captain of the ship, standing over the companion-way.

"What d'ye want?" returned Warton, in a savage tone.

"Will you surrender?"

"No!"

"Then you'll be killed where you are!"

"We may as well die here as elsewhere!"

"They're a desperate set, sir," said Jack.

"I should suppose that:" returned the captain.

A consultation was held, and it was soon planned that the pirates should be attacked from the berth-deck. Accordingly, muskets were brought from the ship, and with these, the man-of-warsmen armed themselves. The fore and main hatches were thrown off, and then the men poured down. Part of the bulkhead had been torn away; but even that which stood, was not so thick but that a bullet might do execution through it. The captain gave orders to fire, and it was done. A succession of groans announced that some of the bullets had taken effect.

"What's the use?" cried one of the pirates, after this first volley. (Jack, who stood by the companion-way, heard him.) "If we stay here, we've got to die, anyhow; but if we surrender, we may have one chance, at any rate, of escape."

This idea was caught up by the rest of the villains, and ere long, they concluded to give themselves up; and so Warton announced. Accordingly, a strong force was stationed at the companion-way, and as the pirates came up, they were immediately taken and bound. Warton came last, with his hands behind him. Pinto noticed the position, and he at once suspected the truth; so he crept around and climbed up on the trunk, where he could reach over.

The pirate captain came on, and as he stood upon the last step of the ladder, his eye rested upon Jack Wallace.

"Ha! you bloody hound!" he hissed, "take that!"

As he spoke, he thought to raise a cocked pistol, which he held in his right hand; but the strong grip of Jack Pinto was laid upon his arm, and the weapon instantly snatched from his grasp. A deep, bitter curse fell from his lips, and on the next moment, he was being bound. As soon as the irons were upon him, he spoke not a word. He hung his head, and seemed anxious to avoid the gaze of his captor.

The prisoners were put on board the ship, and then the captain, whose name was Trelaine, called upon Jack for an explanation of the whole affair. The old sailor seated himself, and then commenced his story with the casting away of the Aldebaran. He related the principal incidents of his cruise in the long-boat; of his adventure at Tamatare with the Jew; the plot of Bion for his freedom; his sail to Port Natal; his meeting with Warton, and his subsequent enlistment with him. Then he told the story of his companions, who had been taken by the pirates at various points, and concluded by giving a minute detail of his plot for overcoming the pirates.

"We know'd," he said, "that there was a man-o'-war cruisin' arter us; and we thought very likely we might come in sight of her. The idee come to me of gettin' the crew below, and fastenin' 'em down, if we did see the war-ship. But how should we do it? We knew it would take a good deal to git the whole crew below while a British man-o'-war was in sight. A fight wouldn't do it; nor would any common affair. By'm by I thought of gettin' up a false murder; but that didn't seem to work. Finally, Bion hit upon a *ghost!* It was good. We know'd the pirates were superstitious like, all on 'em; and 'at we could work upon 'em so. If we could git 'em all worked up about a ghost, we could git 'em below easy enough by jest makin' 'em believe the sperrit was down there. And it worked jest as we wanted it to.

"We found 'at the brig was a runnin away from ye, and as soon as 'twould answer, we went at it. You know how 't has worked."

'Yes, my brave fellow, I know very well," returned Capt. Trelaine. When I saw the brig wear and stand towards us, I was surprised. I could only account for it upon the supposition that she had a very large crew, and meant to run us by the board at once. And when I came near enough to see your ensign, this opinion was still stronger, for I looked upon that only as a trick; but finally, the men in the tops said they saw fighting on board the brig; and when we came nearer still, and they saw your position more plainly, I began to mistrust the truth. However, it is all right now, and you and your companions are not the only ones who will be glad. The pirate had become the terror of all our merchantmen, and we have reason to believe that many valuable ships which have mysteriously disappeared have fallen victims to this villain. Why, you don't know what a noble service you have rendered the mercantile interests of these seas!"

"Well," modestly returned Jack, "all I can say is, I'm glad of it."

"Aha! but this won't be the last of it, my good fellow. But say: do you know anything of this pirate captain?"

"Only as I've been told. He was once in the British Navy—an officer of some kind. He had a love affair with the darter of a nobleman, and got into a scrape because they wouldn't let him have her. He sent a challenge to her father, then insulted him, cut up all manner o' shines, and finally, had his swab cut off afore the whole ship's crew. His piratin' has been out o' vengeance for that."

"Just heavens! is it possible?" cried Trelaine, in a tone of intense excitement. "Do you know his name?"

"No, sir. There's nobody knows it now. There was a youngster, named Frank Limpton, who know'd it, but he's dead. We only know 'at Warton ain't his real name."

"No, no; his real name is Walter Stanforth! His father was once a member of Parliament from Hertfordshire. I knew Walter well. He entered the service before I did. But he was a reckless fellow! If he were less a villain, I should hesitate about giving him up. But he has spilt too much English blood!"

After this, a prize crew was selected for the brig. Jack Wallace was offered the command, but he respectfully declined. So one of the lieutenants, a young man named Marshall, was put on board as prize-master; and, in addition to the ten who had delivered the brig into the captor's hands, fourteen more were sent on board from the ship, making a crew of twenty-four, besides the commander.

Capt. Trelaine overhauled the property of the pirates, and found much valuable stuff, besides a vast amount of money and plate, which was stowed away in the run beneath the cabin floor. But he concluded not to stop now to take any strict account. He merely numbered the packages, and placed them under the joint care of his lieutenant and Jack Wallace, it having been arranged that Jack should act as second officer.

After Trelaine returned to his ship, he pondered some time upon the subject of making himself known to the pirate captain, and finally concluded not to do it. It would be unpleasant, at best. Could he have saved Stanforth from his impending doom, he would have gone to him at once; but the call of duty—of solemn, stern duty—was too strong and imperative. He dared not let the bloody monster loose again upon the sea. So he concluded not to let him know that he was recognized.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, when the ship filled away; and immediately afterwards the brig gave her main-topsail to the breeze, and followed. They were to run direct for Calcutta.

On the morning of the twentieth day, the ship and her prize entered the river Hoogly. In due time, the brig was given up to the proper authorities, and Captain Trelaine presented to the court, in writing, a detailed account of how the pirate had been captured. There were found, in merchandise, money, plate, jewels, and ingots, property to the amount of over a million dollars. The ten men, or, the nine men and one boy, who had delivered up the brig, received four thousand dollars each; and afterwards, Jack and Bion were awarded four thousand more, and John Ropes fifteen hundred. The pirates were tried and executed, the chieftan dying without being aware that he was known in his true character.

Bion was offered a berth on board the sloop-of-war, with the assurance of a midshipman's warrant when he reached England; but, of course, he would not think of it for a moment, only to peremptorily decline, which he did with a modest grace, that added much to the esteem in which he was already held.

All, save Jack and Bion, of the brig's mutineers, shipped at Calcutta—five of them on board the sloop-of-war, and the other three on board an English merchantman.

Nearly a month, our two Yankees enjoyed the hospitality of the best families in the city, and then they had the pleasure of seeing an American ship drop her anchors in the river. She was from Canton, and homeward-bound. Jack and Bion secured passage at once in the cabin, and ere long they bade adieu to their many friends in Calcutta, and were once more on the ocean; this time with hopes high and buoyant, for the breeze that cooled their manly brows was wafting them towards home!

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD FRIENDS.

It was the ship "*Good News*" in which Jack Wallace and Bion had taken passage. She was commanded by Capt. Alexander Puffer, a middle-aged man, a good sailor and a gentleman. When he had heard Jack's story, and listened to an account of Bion's adventures, he became much interested in them, and very soon formed a strong attachment for the boy. He asked Bion if he would like to apply himself to the study of navigation during the voyage, and upon the lad's answering in the affirmative he promised to give him all the assistance in his power.

"And now," said our youthful hero, when he and Jack were together alone in the cabin, "I want you to take hold and learn to read and write. We shall have plenty of time—from five to six months, perhaps—and in that time we can, both of us, do much."

"I want to learn, Bion. I want to learn," replied the old sailor.

Bion arose and went to Jack's side, and with both hands upon his shoulders he said,—

"We will do it in our state-room, Jack; and not a soul shall know that you are learning of me!"

"Thank ye—thank ye, Bion!" cried the old man, seizing the boy by the hand. "I don't mind folks knowin' it—I don't mind who knows it—only I shouldn't want 'em to be pokin' fun at me."

"Don't have any fear on that account, Jack. We'll take our lessons in the state-room, and nobody will know anything about it."

Accordingly they both set about their studies at once. Bion had commenced on a former occasion to teach his companion to write, but the casting away of their ship had put a summary stop to it. Now, however, it went on without interruption. As Jack began to get an insight into the mysteries of "pot-hooks and hangers," he became more zealous; and when he got so far as to be able to write a few lines in readable shape, his joy and gratitude were almost without bounds.

And while Jack learned to read and write, Bion was receiving regular tuition from the captain in the art of navigation. The boy took hold of the thing very readily, and in less than a month he was not only able to take an observation and work it out, but he had got so as to be able to work in dead-reckoning. At the end of three months Captain Puffer informed his pupil that he could teach him no more except such things as he could gain by practice. He had learned to love the boy as though he were a child of his own, and hence he took much pains to instruct him. He allowed him to take the trumpet and command the ship at times, and ere long the boy became so well versed that he could put the ship about without missing; give all the orders for wearing, reefing, taking in sail, and so on; besides understanding the cut and quality of the rigging throughout.

And Jack had not been behind hand in his department. He had learned to write very well, and could read in the Bible without stopping to spell out anything, save now and then one of those proper names which often puzzle better scholars. But he did not stop here. There were plenty of books in the cabin, and he kept on practising. He acknowledged to Bion that the proudest moment of his life was when he first went to Captain Puffer to *borrow a book*.

"Why," said he, in explanation, "it seemed at first as though he must laugh at me for asking for such a thing. Jack Wallace want a book? What for?—But when he handed it to me, and told me he thought I'd like it, just as he would 'a' told anybody else, it kind o' seemed as though I was somebody. But I haint got wholly used to it yet. Sometimes when I take up a book, it seems at first as though I was only goin' to show off a bit. It seems a kind of a dream like that I can read and write."

Still the old sailor went on improving, and by the time the ship reached New York, whither she was bound, he had become able to read anything, and do it understandingly, too. He had spent over five months of most intense application, and he now had his reward. He was happier, and more elevated in thought and feeling, and his opportunities for enjoyment were increased tenfold.

Before the ship got into port Captain Puffer engaged both Jack and Bion to sail with him on the next voyage. He offered to Jack the berth of his second mate. The old sailor at first was upon the point of refusing; and came very near remarking that he couldn't write; but he happened to remember that he had been learning something during the voyage home, and he finally consented, provided he could have two weeks to himself after he reached port.

Of course Bion consented as soon as he knew that Jack was going, for the old sailor seemed like a father to him now, and he hoped to remain with him until he grew to manhood, at least. Captain Puffer owned half of the ship, so that whatever arrangements he might make with regard to his crew became fixed facts.

It was near the end of October that the "Good News" dropped her anchors in the lower bay, and on the first day of November she had permission to come up to the city; and as soon as she had reached her dock, Jack and Bion went on shore.

It was a pleasant day—a little cool—but not enough to be uncomfortable. Bion had been absent very near a year and a half. He had grown considerably during that time, both in hight and size, and the rough life he had led had served to develope much of the man about him. There was a conscious power, a sense of self-reliance, and a spirit of noble daring, which few boys of his age possess; and even he might not have possessed them but for the startling and effective ordeals through which he had passed.

The boy's first desire was to see Aunt Margery and Cora. He had not the most remote idea of where to find them; but Jack remembered the place very well, and agreed to go there at once.

"How far d'ye s'pose ye are from there now?" asked Jack, as they reached the head of the dock, which was near the foot of Catharine street.

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Bion. "How far are we?"

"Well—not so far as we might be. D'ye see that old house right up there?"

"The one with a store in this corner?"

"Yes."

"Yes—I see it."

"Well—the house we took ye from on the mornin' when ye went aboard the Aldebaran was just behind that one. Ye see that ere narrow passage?"

"Yes."

"We'll go in there, and see what we find."

As Bion passed in through the narrow way, and reached the court beyond, he recognized the place in a moment. With a strangely fluttering heart he approached the door and knocked, Jack keeping close alongside. The summons was soon answered by Margery herself. She gazed into the boy's face a moment, and then, with a hearty clap of her great brown hands, she cried—

"My leetle Bion! My leetle Bion! Why—Bion! Bion! 'Tis you, aren't it?"

"Yes, Aunt Margery, it is I, sure enough." And when he had suffered her to shake his hand a full half minute he turned and introduced Jack.

"You remember him, don't you, Aunty?"

"Why—sartin I does. He's one of 'em as come and took ye away. But come in."

Thus speaking the old woman led the way to the back room, where she presented her visitors with seats. She asked several questions in quick succession, but Bion heard them not. He was thinking of Cora. However, Jack answered for him, and that did just as well. Our hero was upon the point of asking after his playmate, when the old door, through which he had passed so many times to his little chamber, was opened, and a man came down into the kitchen. Bion started up, for he was sure he recognized that face; and yet at first he could not call it distinctly to mind.

"Ha! me little Bion!" cried the new-comer, warmly. "Is it yerself? Arrah—be me sowl, but it's good for sore eyes to see the likes of me own little Bion wonst more!"

It was Barney Driscol—Bion's old Irish tutor—the man who had done more for his mind than any other. But the boy was shocked beyond measure. The good tutor, as he beheld him now, was but a mere shadow of the generous tutor he had left a year and a half before. He was pale and wan, and wasted almost to a skeleton. His step was weak and tottering, and his hand trembled as he held it out.

"Mr. Driscol," said Bion, warmly, but with his sadness plainly developed, "I am glad to see you—indeed I am. I have thought of you often, and always with the warmest gratitude. But—but——"

"Ah—ye notice me sickness, boy;—ye notice the change that's come over yer old tutor. So it is! He's fadin', Bion—fadin' fast! But I musn't stop now. I must see the doctor in just five minutes, or I may lose him. But I'll see ye again. I'll come to-morrow. But you are lookin' nobly, me boy—nobly. Cora and I was just speaking of ye a minute ago. We were sayin' how we'd love to see ye. Ah—it makes yer eyes snap, does it? Well—Cora's snap just so when she speaks of you."

The tutor shook hands once more, and then took his leave.

"I may go up?" whispered the boy, turning towards Aunt Margery.

"Shan't I go an' tell her ye is come?"

"No, no—let me go up."

"Well—up ye go."

"You'll wait, Jack?"

"What's the need? I'll come 'round here for ye again. Ye may want to stop now."

Bion had not thought of this; but now that it was mentioned, it struck him as the best plan. So Jack took his leave, promising to call in the evening.

As soon as he was gone, Bion started up the narrow stairway. He remembered the door, and approaching it upon tiptoe he knocked. A sweet, gentle voice said—"come in." He pushed the door open and entered. Cora—bright and beautiful as ever—plump and healthy—and with a half-waking smile upon her face, looked up from her book.

"Cora!"

The book was dropped in an instant, and the girl sprang to her feet. She gazed a moment, as if to assure herself that she was not deceived, and then hastened forward; and not a word fell from her lips until she had pillowed her head upon the boy's bosom.

"Bion!" she murmured at length. "It is my Bion!"

"Yes, Cora. Bion has come as he said he would. Our ship has just got in; and my feet touched the wharf first not fifteen minutes ago. You have not forgotten me, Cora?"

"Forgotten? Oh! you are the only thing on earth I love! How could I forget you? I like Aunt Margery; and I like good Mr. Driscol; but if I love you, then I don't love them. No—I love only Bion—I think of him always—I pray for him—he is never absent. Oh! Bion—will you not stay with me now?"

"A little while, Cora; but I cannot stop long. But we wont think of that now."

The two had just sat down, when Aunt Margery made her appearance. She came in with a smile upon her face, and she seemed really happy to see her "leetle darlin' boy" once more.

"I know'd ye'd be tellin' Cora yer adventur's," she explained, "and I thought I'd jest come up an' hear 'em, too. I s'pect ye've had some cur'us times, Bion?"

"I have, Aunty. I have had some such times as I hope I may never have again."

"Have you been in danger?" cried Cora, resting her dimpled hand upon Bion's arm.

"You shall hear, dear Cora. I will tell you all about it."

It was early in the afternoon, Bion having eaten his dinner just before he left his ship, and having commenced his story he went on with a regular history of his adventures. He told how he got on with his duties the first few weeks—how the men were all very good to him—and how he progressed in a knowledge of seamanship. Then he gave an account of his shipwreck, and of the cruise in the long-boat. When he came to the drawing of lots to decide who should die, Cora seemed as anxious and fearful as he had been at the very time. She had become so excited, and carried away by the story that she seemed to forget that Bion's presence was an assurance of his safety, for when he came to tell how he drew the fatal lot she uttered a quick cry of terror and breathlessly gasped—

"Oh! no! no!—not you! Oh! not you, Bion!"

"Why—what's the matter, dear Cora? Aint I here, safe and sound, to tell ye the story?" said the boy, winding his right arm about her.

The girl gazed up with a half-vacant look, but she soon seemed to realize that it was only a story of the past, and that the one she loved was with her; and so drawing more closely to him she bade him go on.

Bion continued his account, and, with the questions of his hearers which he had to answer, and some parts of his story which he had to repeat, it was near supper time when he concluded.

"Oh! how I shall always love good Jack Wallace!" cried Cora, after she had wiped her streaming eyes.

Margery gazed upon the boy a full minute after he had concluded, and when she spoke her tone was emphatic and prompt.

"Bion, ye haint told us the whole truth. Ef Jack Wallace had told us the story we should 'a' heered more o' yer doin's. I can tell, by what ye say did happen, of much that must 'a' happened. Ye haint told us all ye did yerself, Bion."

"Yes, I have, Aunty."

"No, ye haint, Bion. But never mind. I'd rather see ye modest than to see ye fond o' braggin'. Ye're a smart boy, Bion."

"And you must remember that I am only a boy, Aunty."

"I shall remember jest as much o' that as there's any need on, me boy. But I must go and get some supper. Goodness gracious me! Look at the shadder o' the sun. Who'd 'a' thought 'twas so late. You an' Cora can talk as much as you've a mind to atween now and supper-time."

When the two children were left alone they had much to tell each other. Bion had much to tell which he wished not that Margery should hear. He told how the memory of Cora's sweet face had yielded him many an hour of pleasant thought; and how the words she had spoken had been ever with him, cherished by the side of his memory of his MOTHER. And then he told her how the hope of possessing her some day for his own had been a guiding star to his aspirations.

And Cora had much to tell. With her arms twined about Bion's neck, and her cheek upon his shoulder, she told how she had prayed for him every night, and how she always lay awake when the storm beat upon her little window, and wondered if it stormed where her loved one was.

Ah—the love that warmed those two hearts, and shaped their fondest hopes, was as pure and elevated in its tone, and as deep in its growth, as ever glowed in mortal bosom. The long years they had spent together had opened the character of each to the other; and the many books they had read had served to give point and understanding to their affections. They talked of marriage with as much true feeling and appreciation as ever man felt; and their love was founded upon a proper respect for each other's virtues.

"I was very lonesome after you had gone," said Cora, when she came to tell how she had spent her time for the past eighteen months. "For a month I came up here and cried every day. Mr. Driscol did not come, for I could not study. I was very unhappy. But, finally, I had to study to keep me from mourning all the time. Margery has been very good, but still I can't understand her always. Sometimes she acts as though she was afraid of me. She will not let me go out at all, save sometimes in the evening, and then only when she is with me. Only think, Bion—I have never been outside of our court in the day time! What can it mean?"

At this moment Margery called for them to come down to supper, so their conversation was broken off for the while.

At the table our hero had to tell half his adventures over again, Margery seeming to delight in his account of the pirates, and the way they were shut up in the cabin, and killed when they put their heads out. The meal was over, and the trio were just moving back from the board, when some one rapped upon the door.

"It's Jack," cried Bion, at the same time hastening to answer the summons. He opened the door, and had his old companion's name half-spoken, ere he discovered that he was mistaken. It was a stranger—a tall, finely dressed man, some five-and-thirty years of age, and bearing every outward mark of a gentleman. He gazed sharply at the boy, and asked him if he belonged there.

"No, sir," returned Bion. "I only came this afternoon to see Aunt Margery."

"*Aunt* Margery, eh? Well—I want to see the lady. Is she in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then just send her to the door, if you please.'

Bion returned to the kitchen, and informed Margery that the gentleman wished to see her. She went to the door, and in a few moments returned with the stranger.

"Bion," she said, with an uneasy look, "you and Cora may run up stairs a little while."

The loving children started at once, but ere Cora turned she caught the gaze of the stranger fixed sharply and searchingly upon her. She might have been gazed at in the same manner by a hundred men in succession without being moved as she was by that look. There was something in the man's face that startled her. It was far from being an ugly face, or even an unpleasant one; but there was an expression of the countenance—an undefinable something about the eyes and lips—that struck quick terror to her soul. When she reached the little room she caught Bion by the arm and asked him if he knew the man. He said he did not.

"But what is the matter, Cora? You look pale!"

"That face has frightened me, Bion."

"Frightened you, Cora? How? Have you ever seen it before?"

"I don't know. I think not. And yet—yes—I must have seen it. Did you notice how he gazed at me?"

"O—that was nothing, dear Cora. Aunt Margery will take care of you."

"Aunt Margery?" repeated the girl, starting, as if from the force of her own thoughts. And then resting her cheek upon Bion's bosom, she murmured—

"Oh! I don't love Aunt Margery. She isn't as she used to be. She don't love me. She is afraid of me. She was afraid when she sent us up here just now. Bion—I—am—a—a—*fast prisoner in this place!*"

The boy started up as though he had been touched by the spark from an electric battery. A new light was breaking in upon him. He caught Cora to his bosom, and whispered into her ear that he would take her away from there.

"Where?" she asked, in a frightened tone.

"Wait till Jack comes. I'll ask him. I'll find out something more. Don't cry, Cora. Don't cry. You shall not be harmed while I live!"

CHAPTER XXX.

IMPORTANT CONFERENCES.

As soon as Bion and Cora had gone the visitor took a seat and listened until the sound of the departing feet had died away.

"Who is that boy?" he asked, when he was assured that the children were well out of the way.

"O—the boy as jest went away, ye mean?" returned Margery.

"I haven't seen any other boy," responded the man, rather tartly.

"Ye haven't, eh? I didn't know but ye had. Howsumever, that boy don't belong here. He's a nevvy o' mine, sir."

"O—a nephew, is he?"

"Yes, sir. He's the child o' me brither."

"Which brother?"

"Me brither Teddy."

"Teddy who?"

"Teddy McLafferty, if ye mane my brither."

"But that is an Irish name, Mrs. Grutt. You are not Irish."

"That's no reason why me sister mayn't have married an Irishman, is it?"

"O—then he's your sister's child, is he?"

"No, sir—he isn't."

"How do you make that out?"

"Simply this way: Me sister's dead."

"Oho—that's it. But he has lived here at some time, hasn't he?"

"He's been here, off an' on, two or three years ago. But let him go."

"Very well. I only asked because if he's very intimate with the girl I want him kept out of the way awhile. I must have Cora removed!"

"What?" exclaimed Margery, in surprise. "Take away me leetle Cora?"

"Yes. She's getting too old to remain here in this city any longer. She looks too much like her mother. She's almost the very picture of the woman my father brought home for his second wife. No, no,—I don't feel safe to have her remain here any longer. You've done your duty well, and I am certainly grateful, and will pay you as I agreed. You know I told you I shouldn't want you to keep her after she got to be old enough to begin to understand matters."

"Yes—I remember. But she is young yet."

"Aha! But that's a bright eye of hers. However—there's one thing fortunate: She hasn't got an education to open her wits for her."

"That's true," added Margery. She winked a sidelong, hidden wink as she spoke, for she thought of the constant visits of the Irish tutor. And yet, even with her knowledge of what had transpired, she had not the most remote idea of what Cora had learned. She supposed the girl had picked up a knowledge of some common branches, and that that was all. She knew not that the child had acquired information far superior to that generally gained by the most favored children of fortune.

"Can she read?" asked the visitor.

"I don't know, Mr. Greenwood, but——"

"*Greenwood!*" gasped the man, starting, as though in alarm. What do you mean?"

"Why—I mean yer *name*, to be sure."

"Who told you my name was Greenwood?"

"Never mind, sir. When I do business with a man I generally find out his true name if I can. But ye needn't be afeared. Yer secret is safe with me. But about the child: When d'ye mean to take her away?"

"I shall send for her sometime next week. To-day is Thursday. About a week from this time."

"And where ye goin' to send her?"

"Never you mind that. She will go a good many miles from here."

"But you'll tell me something about what you mean to do with her, won't ye?" responded the old woman, very calmly.

"Why—what is it to you?"

"A good deal to me. You must mind 'at the girl has been here with me a good many years; and—p'r'haps ye wont believe it—but she's grown to be kind o' lovin' like, and I want to know 'at she's a doin' well."

"She'll do well enough—never fear."

"Where d'ye mean to send her?" Margery asked, rather imperatively.

"Never mind."

"But I do mind."

"Well—all you need to know is, that I have found a good home for her."

"Mr. Greenwood," spoke Margery Grutt, in a tone such as can only be used by one in power, "afore Cora leaves my roof I want to know where she's a goin'; and I want to know truly, too."

"Suppose I didn't tell you?" returned the man, speaking like one who hadn't fully determined how it was best to act.

"Why—then I s'pose you wouldn't—that's all."

"Then I guess we'd better let it go at that," added the man, as though that were the final decision.

"Very well. I'm willin', sir." Margery spoke this with her great, brown arms folded across her bosom, and her head bent on one side, with an innocent sort of look which was very significant.

"How much will you have to do to have her ready to go, Margery?"

"Not much. I s'pose I could fix up in one day all she's got."

"Then you'll have her ready by next Thursday, will you?"

"Ready for what, sir?"

"Why—ready to go, to be sure."

"To go where, sir?"

"To go *where?* I thought that was settled. I told you that she was going. That's enough."

"Very well, sir." The arms were folded again, but the head was kept erect. "When Cora goes away from here—where she's been now goin' on to thirteen year, *I know where she's goin'!*"

Mr. Joseph Greenwood (the reader has probably recognized Cora's half-brother) gazed into Margery's face, for some time, with rather a blank look.

"What d'ye mean?" he at length asked.

"I mean just what I say, sir. Cora doesn't go from here till I know where she's goin'!"

"You'll find, my dear woman, that you're putting your fingers into the fire, if you try any such game as that!" said Greenwood, very emphatically.

"Whose is the girl?" asked Margery, calmly.

"Whose is it? Whose can she be but mine?"

"Why—I tell ye, sir," returned the woman, for the first time showing a little temper of independence, "I can prove that I've brought the child up from an infant of less than a year old. I call that a pretty good claim. And, my fine man—jest let me tell ye, that if I put my foot down you can't have the child at all. P'r'haps you see it now."

The man did see it; and for awhile he was very angry, and muttered something about not paying anything for the girl's keeping.

"Oho—don't trouble yerself about that at all, sir," quickly rejoined Margery. "I'm sure I wouldn't ask ye for a penny o' money. If money's the only inducement, I can make the girl good for that any moment."

"Ha! How?" gasped the man, starting half up from his chair.

"Why—I'll tell ye how, sir: I know you wouldn't have done all you have but for some selfish end; and I know there must be others who would give more to have the girl brought to 'em than you would give to have me keep her."

Greenwood gazed sharply into the woman's face, but he could read nothing there, save that she was determined in the course she had proposed. He was tempted to ask how much she knew, for until this evening he had supposed her ignorant even of his real name; but his own wit told him that she must know all. If she had tracked him, and learned his name, then she must have learned more. There were hundreds of people living about him who could have told her that Joseph Greenwood was the only child of Arthur Greenwood, a retired merchant; and that said merchant had an infant daughter stolen from him some years before. He thought very probable the woman knew all this; and if she did, then he could say nothing to help the matter, for he thought he knew her well enough to know that she would keep his secret if he let her have her own way. So he concluded to tell her all she wished to know.

"Margery," he said, trying to look pleasantly, "I will tell you all I can about the child; and tell you cheerfully, too. And had I known just where she was going I would have told you in the first place. There is a family about to move out West, a man and his wife and three sons; but they have no daughter. They are going to buy a farm, and will take Cora as their own, and give her a good home."

"Then she's got to be worked on a farm, eh?" returned Margery.

"Why—she'll have to work of course. But you must acknowledge that she'll be better off there than she would be here."

"P'r'aps she will. But where abouts out West is she goin'? What State is she goin' to?"

"Well—the man is going to Ohio first. But I'll tell you: When I know exactly where she is to settle down you shall know, too. That's fair, surely. All I know is, what I've told you. The man will go to Ohio, and if he can find a farm there to suit him he will stop there."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"A very good man, indeed. And look ye: You may break this to the girl just when you've a mind to. Only you'll have her all ready by next Thursday."

"Yes, sir. I s'pose I'll have to give her up. But d'ye mind ye owe me a leetle somethin'?"

"Certainly. Do you want it now?"

"Yes, sir. I may want to use it, because if Cora's goin' I shall be lookin' out for new quarters."

"Very well—I can square up with you now as well as at any time. Let's see—how much is it?"

"Three months, sir—fifty dollars a month."

"A hundred and fifty. But you know you have had several small sums at different times."

"And I got 'em for Cora's good, sir. I told ye at the time what they was for."

"Never mind. Here is the money,—and I think it's the last I shall have to pay out for that child."

Margery took the money—three fifty-dollar notes—and then the man arose. He said something more about having the girl ready in season, and then took his leave. As he passed out he met a poor, pale, emaciated man upon the stoop, who seemed to have just come up from the court.

Barney Driscol—for Barney it was—watched the visitor until he had turned the corner of the alley, and then he entered the house. It was just dark, and the hostess was in the act of lighting a candle as he opened the door.

"Ah, Mr. Driscol," she said, as she recognized the new-comer, "I'm glad ye've come. I want to run out a bit, and you'll stop and look out for the house, won't ye?"

"Certainly I will, Aunty. I came in to see Bion a little while."

"I guess I'd better call the children down here. Peggy's out."

Margery went up and called the young people down, and then put on her things and went out, remarking, as she opened the door, that she should be gone a couple of hours.

Bion gazed with deep sadness upon his old tutor. He felt that all he possessed of education was due to him, and he knew, too, that it had come to him as the offering of true friendship. The boy's quick eye detected the tremulousness of Driscol's limbs, and his ear caught the strange, hollow sound of his voice. It pained him to look at the man now, for he seemed more like an animate corse than like a living man. His eyes, which were large and dark, were deeply sunken; his hair was sparse and grey—grown so within a year; his flesh all gone, leaving the great blue veins standing out in bold relief upon the cold, marble-like ground; his lips of a livid hue, and dry and crackled; and his weak, bent limbs trembling with pain and disease.

The good tutor placed his chair by the sheet-iron stove, and had the children sit upon either side, within his reach. His first question was touching Bion's adventures since he had been away.

The boy told him his story in as few words as possible. He stopped for no explanations, simply relating the particulars in regular order, and giving a faithful account of all that had happened of consequence. For some time after he had concluded Driscol gazed silently into his face, and when he spoke his voice was low and sad, but with much earnestness.

"Bion," he said, "you are a good boy. I think your friend Wallace is a good man. Yet you will pardon me if I ask you a question. I always felt a great love for you. You won't think me praising myself when I say so."

"O, no, Mr. Driscol," cried the boy, placing his hand upon his quondam tutor's shoulder. "I know how good you've always been to me; and I know you couldn't have been so if you hadn't loved me."

Barney Driscol was Irish born, and in light, jocular conversation, he allowed considerable "brogue" to slip from his tongue; but when he read, or when he spoke seriously, in times of sober thought, the peculiar idiom of his country was all dropped. On the present occasion there was only a pleasing, musical roundness to his words to mark his nationality.

"Thank you," he said, taking the boy's hand, and then, in a half sad, half hopeful tone, he added, "I am going to tell you some things this evening that you may thank me for; and, on the other hand, you may not. You must see that I am failing. For some time I have been loosing my hold upon the world. I have no friends. Once I had many! Bion—I wish to ask you a question concerning Jack Wallace. I know you will pardon me. Is he a moral man?—Stop. Hear me through. Is all his conversation pure and proper? Has all his intercourse with you been just such as your own moral sense approves? You understand me."

Bion bowed his head and pondered a moment, and when he next gazed up into Driscol's face there was a beaming light upon his features that gave his answer in advance.

"Mr. Driscol," he said, with a depth of assurance which amounted to solemnity, "from the moment I first knew Jack Wallace up to this present moment, I have not heard one word from his lips, nor seen one social act performed by him, which would cause me to blush were it repeated in Cora's presence. In all things, he is pure and noble, and even though he has acquired many of the rough and uncouth expletives of his class, yet have I never heard him take the name of his Maker in vain!"

"Bion, I thank God for that!" murmured the tutor, fervently. "I saw by your look, when you mentioned his name; by the light of your eye, and the quickening of your tender emotions, that you loved him well. And now I will tell you why I asked you the question:

"I was born under as favorable circumstances as ever clustered about the natal hour of mortality. My parents were wealthy and influential. I had no reasonable wish of childhood or youth that was not gratified; and even into manhood, the old kindness and love strewed flowers in my pathway. My education was the best the city of Dublin afforded. I was intended for the priesthood, my friends having had positive assurance of my speedy preferment.

"And yet, see where I am! I am on the dark shore—almost aground—the bark worn and shattered, and the sails rent in twain! My voyage is o'er—my glass run—my last log thrown! The next will be thrown by a cold hand, and the single knot then run off will be from earth to the tomb! The golden band is well nigh loosed—the wheel is broken at the cistern! Aye, my days are numbered, and in a few short hours, I shall be no more of earth! And where are my friends? Oh! where?"

The weary pilgrim placed his hand over his eyes, and groaned aloud. But soon he gazed up again, and resumed:—

"My father died while I was yet at college. He died without knowing that his son was in danger! My mother died—grey-haired in her prime—died blessing her son who had killed her! Evil companionship had done its worst. The fatal cup—the wine-cup—hissing its syren song—shrieking out its melody—poisoning with its sweetness—had gained me for a slave! Aye—when it hissed I thought it sang. When it shrieked in wild despair I heard only melody; and while it poisoned my whole life I tasted only its sweetness! Is not man a fool in his very might when he bows his neck to such a monster?

"But I wont tire you. Here I am, and I would be a beacon to you. From my experience I would have you study your own course. After my mother died I was left alone, so far as near kindred are concerned. My father had left no near relations, nor had my mother. In one month after my mother was buried, I came into possession of thirty-two thousand pounds. It seemed a mine of wealth to me. Only think of it—about a hundred and sixty thousand dollars! My friends—my best friends—wished to invest it for me; but my boon companions said no. I went to London. I drank, and I gambled! Of course I was a glorious fellow. All the clubs flew open at my approach. In two years from the day on which I entered London, I stood in my room at the hotel without one penny I could call my own! I owed a large sum to my landlord, and when I stated the case to him, he agreed to take all I had in my rooms—save the clothes I had on—for his debt. I was glad to have him do so. For a few weeks I lived on in the old style—upon my credit—nobody save the landlord knowing my true position.

"I knew that when I left the hotel I owed the host one hundred and ten pounds. I learned that he had realized more than three times that sum from my effects, he having claimed and sold my horses and carriages. I went to him and asked him to give me something, and he turned me from his doors! I prosecuted him, and recovered all he had got for my horses and carriages, amounting to a hundred and eighty pounds. Then I was prosecuted in turn, and when I came out I was penniless. I sought my friends whose counsels I had obeyed, and they knew me not! Those whose counsels I had rejected I dared not seek!

"One morning I walked forth from a field where I had passed the night, and my steps were turned towards Liverpool. I dared not take a ship at London, for fear some of my creditors would arrest me. I met a man with whom I had gambled much. He was a young nobleman, and had wealthy parents who supplied him with money. He was shocked at my appearance, and he asked me where I was going. I told him. Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a purse, which he bade me take; and he said: 'God bless you!' I took the purse—for I needed it. When I was alone I opened it, and in it I found between forty and fifty sovereigns. With them I came to this country; and here I am!

"Bion—need I tell you more of myself! I will only add, that I have seen in this country, thousands who have sinned as I have sinned; and among them all I have not found one happy man! And now will you not promise me one thing? As you hope for bright manhood and honored age, promise me that you will never keep the company of those who are convivial in their habits, and that the intoxicating cup shall never be pressed to your lips."

The boy took the speaker's hand, and in an earnest, heart-sent tone he uttered:—

"I promise, most solemnly! And in doing so, I only repeat a promise I have made to my sainted mother many a time!"

Cora caught Bion's hand in her own, and the tears she shed upon it were grateful ones; and they would have been happy had not her loved tutor's story made her sad.

"Now," resumed Driscol, as soon as they were calm once more, "I have something of the most thrilling importance to say to you both. I might not do this were I not so soon to leave you forever! But I have resolved to break the chain of mystery that binds you here!"

At this juncture the door was opened, and Black Peggy made her appearance. As she warmed her ebon fingers by the stove, she did not know how much she was in the way.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CONTENT.—We miss content in our search for happiness.

PARTED.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

The ocean rolls between us now
For many a thousand mile,
The last fond kiss has pressed my brow—
Yet thus I sport and smile.

Oh! who would think to see my face,
That hope's bright dream had fled?
Who could believe I long to rest
With the untroubled dead?

Ah! none can see the aching heart
That beats within my breast,
And none can know how thankfully
This weary head would rest.

The lip may often wear a smile,
The laugh ring clear and gay,
While the poor bleeding suff'ring heart
Pines silently away.

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THE
THWARTED MOTHER-IN-LAW.

FROM BESSIE RANDOLPH'S JOURNAL.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Putney, May 1st, 185–.

Safe out of the great noisy city at last, and snugly located "at home," in the quiet village where I was born! I am glad—and glad also, that mamma did not take it into her head to remove to some more aristocratic place, with a romantic "wood" or "ville" tacked to its humble name. "Putney." I like it. It sounds old-fashioned, and homely and quiet—and imagination conjures up at once, to fit the sound, a place like this—a little country village, with one street and one tavern, and lots of great square farm-houses, with heavy old-fashioned doors that open right into a "spare room," or kitchen, as the case may be. In such a one, I am at present located, with my respected mother, and my sister Augusta.

And here, for the benefit of all who may read these foolish experiences of mine, let me explain a little. This is the old "Randolph place," where my father and his father and grandfather before him were born and brought up. Father and I are both Randolphs—my mother and my handsome sister were De Peyster's, and so remain. Or to speak more plainly still, Mrs. De Peyster became my stepmother, and her daughter my half-sister. Owing to reverses in business, my father, from a very rich man, has become what would be called a poor one; and we have been obliged to retire to the old homestead, till the storm goes by. My father still stays in the city, laboring, like a hero, to retrieve the fortune he has lost, and will only visit us now and then, during the summer; for Putney is a long way from New York.

Mamma and Augusta chronicle this fact every day with sighs and groans, but I rejoice secretly thereat. I love this place, because it has been the home of "*my* family," and because the grave of my own mother, who died while I was a baby, is near by. There are many here who knew and loved her, as girl and woman, and I love to talk with them of her. She was tall and graceful and beautiful, with blue eyes and fine Saxon hair. My locks are light, too, and my figure like hers. But there the resemblance ends—unfortunately. My skin is dark, and not so very clear—and my eyes the veritable "sheep's gray" so often heard of and so rarely seen. My mouth is not pretty, though always laughing, but my teeth are white as snow. And then the Randolphs *do* have such noses! It doesn't matter for my father, because he is away, but I have shed more tears over mine than are needed to fill the sea. I don't believe I could kiss any one but father, if I should try—it fits in beside his, for the very good reason that one is just as large and awkward as the other—but—no matter noses don't entirely make women!

My sister Augusta has many a laugh over my plain face—and well she may. She is beautiful—at least every one calls her so. Her figure is not so good as mine—being short and rather dumpy. I think if it was a thing mamma could manage, I should be obliged to exchange with her at once. Augusta's hair and eyes are of the deepest black—her color very high, and her teeth regular and white. Add to this, that she understands the art of dress to perfection, while I am careless of my outward woman, so it is comfortably and decently clad—and one can have some idea of the satisfaction with which Mrs. Randolph introduces her two daughters—Miss De Peyster and Miss Randolph! Heigh ho! Well—I don't know that it can be helped!

Putney, May 12th, 185–.

Mamma and Augusta have chosen their apartments on the second floor of the house, and have filled them with various city knick-nacks. But I have found a far different snuggery—a little room in the top of the house—partitioned off from a garret that I *know* is haunted—and neither plastered, papered, nor painted. Here I have put a "trundle-bed"—four old-fashioned "kitchen chairs"—my two trunks—a handsome bureau—a rough wooden book-case, and a round table with claw-footed legs, which stands in the middle of the room, and does duty as a writing-desk. On this table are various books and papers, and my portfolio and pens. At the windows are white curtains looped back with blue ribbons—between the windows a gaudily-painted and gilded looking-glass, found in the garret—underneath this a little round shelf for a wash-basin, and all the implements of the toilet—and over the book-case a grinning skull decorated with a velvet smoking cap, which it wears jauntily on one side. I like the room—and I love to sit here when the spring rain patters on the roof, and read—or write when the moths of dust are thickening the broad rays of sunshine that lie level with the floor. I am "monarch of all I survey," when the old red-door of this room closes upon me, and enjoy myself accordingly. Mamma and Augusta came up to see me one day after I had got fairly settled here—but they only cast one pitying glance at me and the bare little room, and lifting up their silk-dresses, hurried away, muttering something about "rats and ghosts." A sudden noise, made in a dark corner by me, helped them down the dark and narrow stairs most expeditiously, and I have never been molested since. I fancy they think my little den only one remove from a cell in Bedlam.

May 18th, 185–.

Something has been going on in this house for a few days past that I have hardly understood. Chloe, the black servant, cooking all sorts of delicacies—my stately mother, with her sleeves rolled up, making the daintiest pastry imaginable—and last, not least, Miss De Peyster herself, with one of my long-sleeved aprons on, and a pair of kid gauntlets drawn over her jeweled hands, dusting and arranging the guest chamber over the hall.

To-day, for the first time, they have deigned to tell me the good news. My father—my own dear father—is coming on Saturday (will the day *ever* come?) and with him, a certain Mr. Fairfield, a member of Congress—young, rich, and talented, and a "great catch." Augusta says.

Mr. Fairfield! When I lived in Putney, years ago, and wore sun-bonnets and pantalettes, and raced and ran, as I only wish I could do now, I used to know a Dick Fairfield, who was the handsomest and smartest boy in the place. He used to draw me to school, and show me how to do my sums—and on Saturday afternoon, we used to go off, berrying together, while he told me wonderful stories about a certain Martha Anderson who lived in the next town. Martha was some years older than either of us—a vain, showy, handsome girl, who only laughed at Dick's devotion, and looked for far higher game. Could this be the Dick Fairfield who used to rave about her bright eyes, and declare that when he grew up rich and famous, he would marry her? Had he come to fulfil his promise now? I asked Augusta, but she laughed so at the idea that I was forced to give it up.

May 22nd, 185–.

They came yesterday. I had received so many lectures on the score of my behavior before the expected guest, that I was as nervous as a fly in a drum, before the carriage appeared on the top of the long hill that leads to our house. I had on my pink tissues, and collar, and undersleeves, that would not have disgraced my sister Augusta. That young lady was attired in lemon colored battisti, in which she looked her best. She wore a coral necklace and bracelets, and her long, black hair fell over her bare shoulders in cork-screw like curls. She looked pretty, and knew it—but I wanted to laugh when I saw her look, first at herself, and then at me, and heave a sigh of ineffable satisfaction. Vain little goose! As if I cared how I looked in the eyes of any member of Congress, so my own dear father was rejoiced to see me!

When the carriage stopped before the door, my heart was in my mouth. A tall, slender gentleman got out first, and I sat still, with folded hands, the model of propriety. But when another gentleman, a little bent, a little stouter, and with hair just turning to silver, descended, the imploring glance of mamma, and the sneering smile of Augusta, could not stop me. I was off like a shot, and the next moment in my darling father's arms.

We had so much to say to each other, that we forgot the others for awhile. When we entered the house, Mr. Fairfield, who was an old watering-place acquaintance of mamma's and Augusta's, had made his bow, and received their elegant salutations. My father smiled as he led me forward.

"My daughter. Mr. Fairfield."

"My daughter" bowed without looking up. Mamma came forward and kissed my father with due propriety, and Augusta let him touch her forehead with his lips, and looked supremely indifferent about it.

"It is enough to give an old bachelor like me the heart-ache to see how warmly you are greeted," said a deep voice, whose cadence seemed familiar to my ear.

I looked up. Mamma and Augusta were smiling graciously at the guest's remark, but his dark, handsome face was turned toward me, and his large, brown eyes, wore a look, half mischievous, and half sad, that I remembered only too well.

"Well—lassie with the lint white locks," he said, playfully—"do you forget your old friends so soon? For shame, Bessie."

"Dick! Dick! Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

"Dick!" Mamma looked as if she would faint, at hearing me call a member of Congress so, and give him both my hands into the bargain! But my father only looked on, and smiled good naturedly.

"Glad to see me! I believe you, Bessie—for your whole face shows it, and it is the sweetest welcome I have had this many a year!" said the pleasant voice; and I believe if mamma and Augusta had not been there, he would have kissed me! His eyes said as much!

"And so you have come after Martha?" I asked, roguishly.

"Martha who?"

"Martha Anderson, to be sure, Dick. Don't you remember how often you have told me you were coming back to marry her?"

"Have you ever seen her?" he asked, laughing and coloring.

"Yes—once. It was two years ago. She was very pretty then. I told her what you used to say about her."

"No, Bessie!"

The look of embarrassment and annoyance he put on, made me laugh heartily, and father laughed too.

"It is so, I can assure you," he said playfully "I was with Bessie and heard it all, and unless you proceed to throw yourself at her feet, according to the most improved method, before the week is out, I fancy she will sue you for breach of promise. My Bessie is the same madcap as ever, Richard," and he passed his hand fondly over my hair.

"Madcap, indeed, murmured mamma, *sotto voce*, as she broke in upon our conference, with a dignified "Hem!"

"I beg your pardon for this interruption," she said, blandly, "but, really, Mr. Randolph, I think it would be more hospitable to show Mr. Fairfield to his room——"

"You are right, Mrs. Randolph," said my father, and his face assumed its cold, business look again, as he glanced at her. What *did* he marry her for.

The servant was summoned, and Mr. Fairfield bade us all adieu, for a time. I knew I was in disgrace, but that mattered little, for I am never in favor. So while Augusta had a fit of pouts in the parlor, and mamma oversaw the arrangement of the dinner table, I ran off in the garden to water my flowers. I did not take my hat, for I intended to return in a moment, and I like to feel the fresh air about my face. But my father came out, looking so weary and worn, that I forgot all about the hat, and coaxed him into a game of romps, to cheer him up. Up and down the alleys, and across the flower beds we fled, laughing and screaming like two children, till the terrible dinner bell put an end to our sport. My father hastened to take his place at the dinner table, and I galloped up to my room, to arrange my hair and collar. But oh, how out of sorts they were! I only dared linger to give them a passing touch, and went down to sit beside Augusta—heated, flushed—and a better foil to her beauty than ever. In her delight at this circumstance, my step-mother became quite gracious. I knew Mr. Fairfield noticed it, too, for he devoted himself to Augusta, and quite neglected me. I was vexed, and unhappy, and out of sorts. But after dinner, when I stood before my gaudy looking glass, and gave my "Randolph nose" a few spiteful pulls, I felt better, and snatching my hat, I stole away for a long walk, and soon forgot all my troubles in the quiet pine woods behind the house.

May 24th, 185–.

Last night, we had a party. I flatter myself I behaved beautifully. At least, I know my mamma and Augusta did not have occasion to say a single sharp thing. I wore a rose-colored silk, and Augusta white satin, while mamma looked "grand, gloomy and peculiar," in a moire antique of a sober hue. I believe, if she had her own way, she would always dress me in the dingiest colors she could find, and make me stand beside Augusta in her gala dresses; but my father likes to see me in bright fresh colors, and I am clad for his eye—not for hers.

Our party was made in honor of Mr. Fairfield. I call him "Dick" no longer. Where once Augusta has made an impression, she follows it up till all is over. That she's made one on him, I can plainly see—nay, mamma and she have both hinted, in my presence, at the beautiful home she will have, when she becomes his bride.

Knowing this, and seeing his evident devotion to her, I have kept myself entirely out of his way. With the exception of that one glad meeting, we have scarcely exchanged twenty words since he came here. I think he also tries to avoid *me*, and this gives me pain. I often look up, however, and find him watching me with a strange expression in his eyes, as if he longed to speak, yet must not. Before I can ask him what he means, however, he turns away, or Augusta claims him, and leads him away captive. And as my dear father returned to the city only the day after he came out, I have no one to talk to, no one to amuse myself with, and wander round the house as gloomy and lonely as a consumptive owl.

But this is not describing the party. Our country visitors came quite early, but some of our old friends from the city arrived at an hour fashionably late. I hoped to see my father, if only for a few moments, but he did not come. When the last carriage drove away, and he was not there, I bit my lips and felt like crying. Mr. Fairfield was watching me, and came over to where I stood.

"I have just heard from your father, Miss Randolph," he said, as he joined me, "and he will not be here till the last of the week, when I shall return with him."

His voice and manner were kind but reserved, and I noticed that he did not call me "Bessie." So I only answered coldly—

"You are very good, Mr. Fairfield. I am sorry your news is so unwelcome, I cannot thank you for it."

Just then, Miss Martha Anderson came toward us, leaning on her brother Frank's arm. Frank is a young college student, of twenty-two, handsome, manly, and one of my especial friends. I looked narrowly at Mr. Fairfield, as his early love drew near, and found him watching me as narrowly. But when, after a few compliments, I took Frank's arm, and strolled off into the other room, he did not look up, but devoted himself entirely to Miss Martha. I have always hated a male flirt worse than anything on earth. But as I went away from him, just then, the thought would stay in my mind—"Can it be possible that he is one, in spite of his talents and good sense?" It was a hard question, and not the more easily answered because I saw him, within the half hour, leaning over Augusta as she played the piano, and turning the leaves over for her attentively.

Perhaps it was this that made me allow Frank Anderson to devote himself so entirely to me during the remainder of the evening. I know I saw Augusta directing Mr. Fairfield's attention our way, with a malicious smile. He looked at us very gravely, and turned to her again. She wore a rose in her hair. I saw him ask for it, and saw her fixing it in the button-hole of his coat. That was enough for me. I turned away, and took Frank's arm again, and let him go where he chose. He saw fit to lead me into papa's library, and while I was picking the withered leaves off a tea rose in the window, he stood in the middle of the floor, looking excessively foolish, and gnawing his kid glove in bits.

"Why, Frank," said I, at last, when I had taken a good look at him, "what is the matter with you?"

"Bessie," said he, nervously, "I wan't to say something."

"Out with it then."

"You won't be angry?"

"Provided you don't slander my friends, or me."

"Bessie, I love you."

Whew! If the house had fallen straight around my ears, I should have been much less surprised. Frank had been my friend and playmate from my childhood, but the idea of him as a lover was was too absurd ever to have entered my head. So I stood still, burning all over, and looking as foolish as he.

"Are you angry?" he asked, at length.

"No, Frank, I can't say that I am." I made shift to answer. "I suppose you have paid me the greatest compliment in your power I am not angry."

He came nearer to me, with a beaming face.

"Then may I hope?"

"Oh, Frank, you have misunderstood me," I cried, drawing back. "I like you as a friend, but not as anything more. Don't think of it for a moment—it is very foolish."

He was but a boy—and a loving boy—yet. He sat down by the library table, and sobbed like a child.

Now, I have a horror of tears, but I pitied the poor little fellow from the bottom of my heart. I knew something of the misery of loving without a return, for the future husband of my sister Augusta was already far too dear to me. I went and put my arm around Frank's neck, and laid my cheek against his.

"Don't cry so, Frank. Go home, now, and forget this. Three years from now, we shall laugh together over this thing. I shall always be your friend—you may be sure of that."

He started from his seat, and pushing back his disordered hair, looked at me earnestly.

"Will you kiss me, Bessie?"

"I kissed him, and he hurried from the room. I was sorry for him, he seemed to feel his disappointment so keenly. And not feeling in the mood of going back into the crowded rooms again, after what had occurred, I lit my candle at the hall lamp, and went quietly up-stairs to bed.

Yes, I am sure I behaved beautifully at this first party of mine. But I do hope mamma will never hear of Frank's mistake, or she will read me a lecture of an hour long, for letting so good an offer slip through my fingers.

May 30th, 185–.

"It is ill crying for spilt milk," and my respected mamma knows all. What with the knowledge of my refusal of Frank, and another event, most unexpected to all of us, she is "in a way," and has fairly taken to her bed. Augusta is in the city, and is going East to spend the fall and winter in Boston. Mamma may follow—but it is yet uncertain. And I—I am going South—where the birds sing and the flowers bloom the whole year through. Let me explain how all this came to pass.

The knowledge of my great guilt did not come to mamma till yesterday morning. Then some gossiping neighbor told her the whole story, with the additions of the towns-people, who made the thing twice as bad as it need to be. How it leaked out I cannot say. People in these little country villages have a way of finding out your thoughts and feelings before you are conscious of them yourself. Be that as it may, I found mamma almost speechless with rage when I entered the parlor after the neighbor had gone.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that you are a natural born fool? Has Frank Anderson offered himself to you?"

I saw that the storm was about to burst upon my devoted head, and summoning all my fortitude to my aid, I answered, coolly—

"He has."

"And you refused him?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I will permit these things?" cried Mrs. Randolph gasping with anger, while Augusta looked up from her novel with an impish smile. "Do you think I will allow you to throw away offer after offer, and remain here upon my hands?"

"I am sure I cannot say," I answered, shrugging my shoulders

"Don't—don't dare to speak to me in that way, Miss, or I will have you turned out of the house," she exclaimed, losing all control of her temper. "I will talk to your father, and if there is any way to make him understand—though he is such a fool, I doubt it—you shall be made to mind."

The sneer at my father brought up my Randolph blood.

"Stop where you are, Mrs. Randolph. As for my father—the only time he ever seemed foolish in the eyes of the world, was when he married one who so little appreciates the benefits he has heaped upon her. As for myself—I stand in my father's house, and among my father's people. Try to turn *me* out, if you choose. Furthermore, I never will marry Frank Anderson, or any man I do not love, to please any one on the earth. Now, good-bye."

Blinded by my anger, as I turned away, I ran exactly against Mr. Fairfield, who was just entering. Mamma and Augusta turned very pale—they saw he must have heard all.

He put out his hand and stopped me.

"Pardon me, Miss Randolph, but I wish an explanation of what I have just now accidentally overheard. Did I understand you to say you would never marry young Anderson?"

"You did, sir," said I, defiantly, for I thought he, too, was about to take part against me.

"And yet you were—or are—engaged to him?"

"Who told you so?" I asked, indignantly. "It is a falsehood. He has never been more than a friend to me."

"Never, Bessie?"

"Never, sir."

"How does it happen?" he asked, turning to mamma, with a frown, "that I have been assured over and over again that this was the case? Can you explain this, madam?

Mamma snuffed up her nose, with an air of disdain, and turning to Augusta who was crying, said, angrily—

"Augusta, wipe your eyes and come with me. I will not stay to be insulted any longer."

But Mr. Fairfield stood before the door, bowing politely.

"Ladies, I shall be obliged to detain you a moment. You have made me commit a blunder, and you must witness its reparation. Bessie," he added, turning to me, with a very different look from what he gave them—"these ladies have assured me time and again that you were to marry Mr. Anderson. You say you are not, and leave me at liberty to say what I would gladly have said long ago. I have loved you, Bessie, since we first met here. Will you revive some of the old fondness for your playmate, Dick, and promise to become his wife—and the light of his home?"

I was not astonished—I was only glad and happy. Some saucy speech about the love-lorn Martha was rising to my lips, but he saw my purpose in my eye.

"Don't jest now, Bessie," he said, gravely. "I am in terrible earnest—don't trifle with me."

I could not have done it then. I stole closer to his side, and laid my hand in his. He bent down and kissed me.

"It shall be the study of my life to deserve this precious gift," he said, with a grave tenderness that became him well.

"I do not wish my young and innocent daughter should witness such shameless behavior, and I must request you to let us pass," said mamma, with an air of indignant virtue.

Dick's dark eyes flashed, but I drew him away from the door, and kept him quiet. We watched them till they crossed the hall, and then sitting down on the sofa, as we had never hoped nor expected to sit together, we reviewed our brief acquaintance, and the still more delightful days of our childish friendship.

We are to be married in the fall, and my own dear father will go with us for a time to our new home, while mamma and Augusta will dash away in Boston and New York. We shall be married here in the dear, old farmhouse, where we have so often played as children. Perhaps Frank will attend the wedding—they say he is already getting consoled by a pretty, blue-eyed cousin. Mamma and Augusta will patch up a hollow peace with us, and speak of Mrs. Richard Fairfield with pride, to their acquaintances—they will call on us when we are in New York, and Washington—we shall return the civility, and the world will be delighted with the friendly feeling that exists between us. (The world will know as much then as it ever does.) But into the blessed sanctuary of my Southern home, I fancy they will never intrude. The happy garden of Eden was the worst torment to the fallen angels—and they would be like two tormented souls in that bower of peace, and confidence, and love!

◆

IN THE COUNTRY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

It's something to know that one *is* in the country. After having been for months not once out of the sound of the eternal roar, din, and jar of a great city, what a blessed feeling it is to awake on some clear morning, and *hear* the deep stillness of the country all around you.

The fright and astonishment of the little girl who, on her first visit to the country, screamed to be taken back to her city home, because she was "so afraid of the still," was very natural to one who had been born and had lived all her little life in the tumult of the town. To such a person, if possessed of any considerable power of imagination, the beautiful silence of nature would be very apt to cause a thrill of mysterious terror.

But when, in early days, you learned to love that silence, and have for years been forbidden to enjoy it, how sweet and soothing is the spell it casts over you when at length you are come again into its charmed influence. You arise joyfully and hurry out to the pure morning air. Perhaps you are near the sea-shore, and are greeted by its deep, pleasant murmur. The birds, too, greet you, singing you a sweet "good morning." You wonder how it happens, but, somehow, the birds all seem to know you; and to be glad that you are come. They hop almost into your hand; and the squirrels, as you enter the fine grove close at hand, are in no hurry at all to get out of your way. You wonder if they have any instinct which tells them that you are a friend to every helpless thing; and that you love to see the small creation happy. The robins, with portly breast, hop almost onto your very toes, and turn up to yours their saucy bright eyes. "Have you a worm for us?" they seem to say. "No, no, Bobby Redbreast; find your own worms, if you please. We don't like the business." How the leaves whisper to you. What sweet, sweet secrets they tell; and they reach toward you, on the soft wind, as if they wished to lay themselves, like cool hands, upon your cheek. There is something inexpressibly tender and touching in the gentle motions and wordless whisperings of leaves. You must get out of the grove if you do not wish to weep in the morning. Out with you into the sunshine. Scamper across the fields; and try your *genteel city limbs* at climbing the mountains. There they are, just before you; their dark, rugged sides frown down grimly upon you. Nothing tender in anything *they* will say to you. Their tough mosses and great grey rocks are bidding defiance to your approach. Harden your heart; muster all your resolution and strength; show your activity—up with you—up—up—hurra! there you are! standing on the bold, hard brow of the highest hill. Who cares if your hat and your hair *do* hang down your back? Who cares if your dress *is* soiled and torn, and your hands almost blistered? Who cares if you *are* panting like a tired steed, and your face is as red as fire? *You* don't certainly; and you know (or, *perhaps*, you know) that no one else does. So, there you stand, exulting; and the free winds sweep by and wave your rent garments, and play in your streaming hair, and you sing—aye, shout, for your heart is, as well as your feet, on a mountain top. Oh! that this sensation of strength, joy, victory, could but *last*. But you find that you are very hungry—in fact, your good spirits are in danger of "caving in," unless you speedily provide for them the foundation of a hearty breakfast. Well, down you go, driven to the "prose works" of the breakfast room by hunger. Alas! poor human object, how short a distance canst thou soar when, three times a day, thou must attend the natural part in its onset upon the contents of the table. Through the hot noon you lounge, read, and sleep; but the evening finds you astir and out. Now go make acquaintance with the cattle. They are worth the trouble. They are *more* worth the trouble than many a human being is. A cow is, almost without exception, a lady. She is gentle and modest in her ways; and she never tries to pry into your affairs. She is generous, too, offering you refreshment such as a king can't afford to scorn. Did ever you see more serious eyes than she has? I trow not. How absently she gazes at you. Her thoughts are distant, it seems—perhaps with some little murdered calf that she had last year. Who knows what cows are forever thinking of, as they chew, chew, chew, all the long hours? And the oxen and the horses; they have each his own peculiar expression—they all like notice—they all have feeling and affection. They can feel sad, too, as well as men and women can. Were you never moved to sympathy by hearing a horse sigh? Hens, geese, chickens, &c., must have their share of attention. Was ever such an old fusser as that mother hen? You "have seen human mothers just like her," have you? Very likely—they are not scarce. But she is calling her brood all home, for the eve is closing in. Go, now, explore the shadows—there is no danger here. The grove, in darkness, is as safe as your chamber. Sit down on that broad stone and bark. There is a concert. Whip-poor-wills, frogs and crickets compose the orchestra; and underneath it all the *sea* lifts up its voice. Here comes the full-orbed moon. How nobly she heaves her golden sides above the horizon. What a flood of serene glory she pours over all things. What *peace* there is in the air! You can almost hear its breathing on the twilight. Is not a spirit brooding over you? What say the rustling, nestling leaves? What say the fitful shadows that, checkering the moonlight, go dancing over you, and through all the grove? Yes, yes—a spirit *is* with you—a spirit is in the grove; and you shiver with delightful awe as you recognize its presence. There you sit hushed and motionless, for the power of the Spirit of Night is upon your senses. You drowse but a moment, for you begin to dream; and, with a start, you wake. Ah! you thought one stood beside you—one that had glided to you through the darkness of the grove—but no—you did *but* dream; and the form that you saw in your slumber comes to your side no more, save in your dreams. Ah! sad leaves, cease your plaintive whispering—*why* be forever talking of the dead, or the departed?

You take *that picture* from your bosom and let the moonlight lie full upon it. Was ever *anything* so sorrowfully fair? Your heart looks through your eyes. You think that there *never was* beauty like *that* beauty. How those lips smile on you! What do *not* those dear eyes say? Oh! your bosom swells and your tears flow down—they *may* flow now; for night conceals them. Such grief is poetic, and perhaps you chant, before seeking your chamber,—

"I dream of one, whose pictured face before me
Looks from its frame with such dear, haunted eyes,
That the sweet power the present wieldeth o'er me,
Yields to the Past's enchanted memories.

Oh! Pictured Face! this shadowy hour of even
Lends to thy beauty beauty still more rare;
Till I can hardly deem that one from Heaven
Could seem to *me* more glorious or fair.

I look on *thee*, and with warm impulse springing,
My thoughts go quickly towards the sunset shore;
And, in a moment, they are fondly clinging
To him my tearful eyes behold no more.

Oh! Evening Voices! Oh! sweet scenes around me!
Steeping my soul in your own tranquil rest,
Your influence strengthens the sweet spell that bound me,
And binds me still, to yonder dark'ning West,
Where dwells the man whose love my life hath blessed."

◆

THE FOUNDATION OF VIRTUE.

As the foundation of virtue, children ought very early to have imprinted on their minds a true notion of God, as of the independent Supreme Being, Author and Maker of all Things, from whom we receive all our good, who loves us and gives us all things. And consequent to this, instil into them a love and reverence of the Supreme Being. This is enough to begin with, without going to explain this matter any farther, for fear, lest by talking too early of spirits, and being unreasonably forward to make them understand the incomprehensible nature of that infinite Being, their heads be either filled with false, or perplexed with unintelligible notions of Him.

◆

IS IT TRUE?—As the great end of female education, says an old writer, is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to support them in good style.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

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BIG OR LITTLE—THE DIFFERENCE.

It is not so unfrequent as angel visits, that we have in our midst some great admonitory crash, or failure in commercial, monied, or other of the more extensive business circles. Some of these are downright swindles, or defalcations, and are of course thus branded, with more or less delicacy, however, as the criminal parties are more or less "respectably connected." In the meantime, there occur a fair percentage of lesser frauds, holding about the same relation to the greater that a monkey's imitative grimaces do to the featurings—to coin a word—of his human exemplar. In the case of the greater, whether it be of fraud or failure—but particularly if it be the latter—how different the general judgment compared with that passed on the lesser. If the greater fail for hundreds of thousands, or for millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, and the former are ready to afford every facility to bring the failer through his "embarrassment."

But few pause to inquire upon what principle a business has been conducted—whether speculatively or recklessly—to involve so disastrous an issue. Yet, it is almost safe to say, that in any case where a failure reaches to hundreds of thousands, something has been at work beside a prudent, legitimate trade spirit. No business, not conducted more or less on chances, risks and hazards, could involve such a failure. Be sure, when the matter is probed to the bottom, speculation or a drive to monopolize trade, involving unjustifiable credit on either side, is the secret of most of the great failures. The business was strained—overdone—and the big craft in attempting to run over and break down all competition, jammed its prow on some reef or headland, and went to wreck.

Now, how is a man of small capital treated when he speculates on his credit among his friends and business acquaintances, and sinks all he is worth, and a few hundreds or thousands of other people's money? Why, he is set down as a knave or a fool. His personal loss is branded as good enough for him, and for the balance he is pursued like a thief.

But it is not so with men or firms of large means—who abuse their credit by involving others to the tune of millions—by anything but legitimate operations. These latter are deeply sympathized with; it is considered really too bad that misfortune or rascality should overcome such eminence and respectability. True, their failure may plead as an offset to their attempt to monopolize certain trades,—thereby seeking to nab the whole products of the land—that they expected big prices. Doubtless they did; but big prices do not always wait on greedy speculation, as even the Rothschilds and Barings have sometimes learned. To the ditch and the dogs with such morals! The real fact is, that he who in the ruin of wild risks drags down the greatest number of confiding creditors, is entitled to the severest condemnation.

According to careful observation of the rise and fall of business men in this, as in all communities, the moral of failures, as they chance to be big or little, is this: He who fails for a little, fails to rise no more; he may be set down as a business suicide, with none to pity him, console him or lend him a helping hand ever after. But he who fails for a large amount, fails to rise again; is called a clever, smart, intelligent go-ahead fellow—a little rash, perhaps—to whom it is safe and popular to extend fresh credit; and who is "bound to succeed" sometime. How many such cases occur, and what lesson is derived therefrom save this: "If you fail, be sure and make a big failure," and save a competency out of it if you can. If you can't do it the first time, try again. Any other course sinks the failer in ruin and contempt—such is the popular judgment. Again we say, to the dogs with such morality!

* * *

"I CAN'T," AND "I'LL TRY."

"I can't!—it is impossible!" said a foiled lieutenant to Alexander. "Begone!" shouted the conquering Macedonian in reply—"there is nothing impossible to him who will try;" and to make good his words, the haughty warrior not yet come to weep that there were no more worlds to subdue, charged with a phalanx the rock-crested fortress that had defied his timid subaltern, and the foe were swept down as with the besom of destruction. "I can," said a daring sculptor to the same warrior, "hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander;" and so, doubtless, he could, but the Macedonian, satisfied with his faith and will, put him not further to the test.

There is a beautiful and instructive story touching "Robert the Bruce," who, faltering on the road of kingly destiny, beheld, as he lay despairing, a spider baffle repeated defeats and rise to its desired goal. "I, too, will try," said the noble Scot, and triumph was the result. "I'll try, sir!" What American cannot hear ringing in his mind's ear that gallant reply of Col. Miller, when asked in the desperate conflict of Chippewa, if he could dislodge and take the enemy's battery? "I'll try, sir!"—and try he did, his heroes charging in the face of fiery death, until the ensign of Britain fell, and her discomfitted battalions fled, terrified, from the field of carnage.

With him to whose tongue "I'll try" leaps instinctively, at every obstacle and peril, the battle is already more than half won. Fortune smiles on such, for they compel her. "I'll try!"—that motto has spurred the discoverers of hemispheres, and the founders of nations. That motto has won the victory on the tented field, gathered roses in the desert, plucked down laurel and bays from the close grasp of fame, and in all paths that are traveled by heroism, civilization and freedom, made memorable conquests. The adventurer circling the globe, like the contestant for the poorest smile of beauty, accomplishes triumph only by trial. Trial is the crucible from whence all things beautiful and brave issue.

We have no patience with *can't*, particularly of the "I" sort. It is a cheap, shuffling excuse for wrong-doing, and doing nothing at all. "I'll try," is the model man, accomplishing everything. Even if he fail at times, attempting too much, he loses no honor. What can be done he'll do—cut Gordian knots and solve the riddles of the Sphynx. "I'll try!" make that the earnest motto, and no man shall lack triumph.

There are just two classes of mankind—the "I can'ts" and the "I'll trys." The one lead, rule, possess; the other follow, obey, and possess not. The one are timid, idle, shiftless; the other, brave, active, vigilant. The one have their fields choked with weeds and tares; the other harvest the fairest fruit and grain. The one wish, the other win. The one expect fortune, the other deserve and have it. The "I can'ts" are abundant. Your gay Miss is one of them; she *can't* do what her mother has done, for some reason of dignity, pride, or sloth. Your young, fast Master is one of them; he *can't* do as his father has done, for he scorns old industry and prudence, and the virtues generally. The man of vice *can't* reform, because he won't, and the cheat *can't* be honest, for the same reason. A false, knavish, or miserable whining "I can't," lies at the bottom of most failures. Men can do very nearly what they will. All that is wanting is the "I'll Try!"

* * *

POLITICIANS.

The vocation of a "regular politician," what is it? It would be easy, and perhaps not unjust, to say there is nothing *regular* about such a person. If he were the oracle of patriotism—that "something in a man's breeches pocket," as defined by Dr. Johnson,—his vocation would be quint-essentially selfish and mercenary. If he were the pioneer and shaper of public opinion—"stewed from the rank breath of the rabble," as Hazlitt has it—his profession would be no less mercenary and unprincipled. Whatever he is, as classified among human agencies, it is palpable to the least careful observer, that he is an intriguer in society—a trafficer in the basest passions, the narrowest prejudices, and the silliest cruelties of communities.

The politician lives upon the differences and prejudices of society, in matters of legislation and jurisprudence. He fattens upon dissentions, and is noted and powerful according to the number of his followers. To these, he is eternally unfolding political paradises, and promising to institute the millennium of reform and purity, if he can only be elected to some post or other. If he can't be President, he may finally consent to be pound-keeper. In the main he is a windy, pretentious, false fellow. He cares for neither reason nor right, so long as he can win. It matters little what party he espouses, if it brings preferment. And be sure, the louder he talks of honesty and indignation, the hollower he is, and the more truckling to rogues in place and power.

Professionally the "regular" politician would peril his soul for the good of the people—he loves the "dear people"—when, really, he would sell the people and his own soul for personal power and eclat. It is laughable to see him on the stump, in a "card," or through a letter to some committee, shake the "new broom" at the Augean stable—he will sweep it, *he* will! Did he ever fail to promise as much? But, alas! the manure and rubbish have only deepened since the framing of the eldest code.

Parties, are, undoubtedly, good things, and the more nearly the people are divided thereby, the better; for thus is each the stronger check upon the other, and the firmer and purer the administration of government and justice. But if parties are a good, the "regular" politician is a bad thing—a corrupting element in the body politic. He cares for no check and desires none—save upon the success of his rivals. He cajoles the mob to their face, and laughs at the public in his sleeve. Over the people he would as soon sing a dirge as a carol, especially if the former paid best. We speak of politicians by trade, and traders they are, to a degree unknown beyond the pursuits in which they fester their way to society's surface—like ulcers, or like froth and scum.

* * *

GIVE YOUR WIVES A HOLIDAY.

Ye married men with families, (there can be no family without children,) give your wives a good long playspell, this hot weather, even though you have to fare hard and make your own beds in order to do it. No man can imagine the wearing, wearying nature of household cares, with teething children, and the thermometer from 80° to 100° in the shade. A mother's work is never done; her anxiety is never quieted. In a family of children, there are always some who are teething, or have the measles, whooping-cough, mumps, bad colds, or other ills, whereby their sleep is broken, their tempers irritated, and their mothers wearied out, both day and night. If any man would have an idea of his wife's toils and cares, let him send her off for a day, while he stays at home and takes care of the children. We will venture a year's subscription to the Ledger, that, if he survived the ordeal, he would forever after cherish more sympathetic views of woman's trials.

Wives and mothers, (we mean such as do work and take care of their families,) being thus harrassed and worn, recreation and rest should be rendered accessible to them, especially at this season of the year. Many a man smokes and drinks up, or otherwise banefully consumes, enough money every week, to give his wife and children a little trip to some pleasant and healthful place of resort. Think of this, O ye husbands and fathers; and, as ye value present comfort and a happy old age, invest your means liberally in the health and gratitude of your wives and children.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Reader—did you ever travel with an uncongenial companion? You open your eyes—perhaps you think that any person with whom you could spend a passable hour in your parlor, is qualified for an agreeable traveling companion. Not a bit of it! There is not one in a hundred who would not wear you to a skeleton, on a journey.

How? In the first place, there is your human magpie, who rattles off the dictionary as though he were doing it for a wager, till your ears ache as if they had been boxed, and to whom you answer yes, and no, at random, without the slightest idea of what he is talking about, any more than he has himself.

Then, there is your mock sentimentalist, full of "ohs," and "ahs," and common-place, guide-book ecstasies, nudging your elbows and ribs to look at this, and look at that, and notice the other thing; exacting the admiration which none but an idiot would withhold, were it not compulsorily forestalled; leaving nothing to gladden the asking eye, with the sweet pleasure of surprise;—torturing you with the possible history of every pebble and brook, and stupidly imagining that he is laying you under a debt of gratitude for the information, which will render you forever a bankrupt in thanks.

Then there is your hobby-ist, who everywhere, in all companies, in all places, rides his favorite idea to death; lugging it in by the horns and tail on all possible, and impossible, occasions; puffing, panting, snorting and rearing, trampling rough-shod on everybody's toes, while he claims exemption for his own; and stopping only for want of breath or—listeners!

Then there is your fussy person, who thinks it will rain, and thinks it will shine, and thinks it will be hot, and thinks it will be cold, and is eternally muffling and unmuffling, in anticipation of these expected changes—who is constantly locating his carpet-bag, and dis-locating other passenger's umbrellas—fearing collisions, and gasping for impossible suppers and dinners and breakfasts, and every how and every way, making himself an unbearable bear, and an unmitigated nuisance.

Then, there is your braggart who, with nose skywardly inclined, is always boasting of the superiority of the tillage and crops, cattle and fences, barns and bridges, "in *his* section,"—to those you may be passing.

Then, there is your moper—who, wishing to pass for an oracle, wisely says nothing but "humph!"

Then there is your traveled person, whom every cow's tail reminds, of "what I saw in England, or Paris, or the North Pole." Then there is your obstinate person, whom no lever of contingency can pry out of his hole—who expects all travel, and other people's convenience and desires, to be regulated by the programme his selfishness drew up before starting, and who would not deviate a hair from that prepared document, to treat a whole party to the finest sunrise or sunset on which God ever inscribed his love and majesty to adoring mortals.

Then there is your spick-and-span *female* traveler; whose becoming dress got up for the occasion, she expects to pass unscathed through the ordeal of dust, rain, perspiration, crowded seats, and possible collisions; who scowls vengefully at all these enemies of her peace, and is implacable at a dent in her bonnet, a spot on her skirt, or an unlucky angle in her hoops. Who must have a room in a crowded hotel, in the hight of the season, (to the displacing and dispossessing of everybody else) which faces the north, fronts the street, is up only one flight of stairs, has a dozen closets, plenty of ottomans, rocking-chairs and bell-ropes; bolts and bars on the doors ad infinitum—and above all—large and *becoming* looking-glasses.

From all the above-mentioned bores may a good Providence deliver us, one and all.

What would I have in a traveling companion?

In the first place, *good humor.*

In the second place, a soul above dry-goods, and their wear and tear.

In the third place, good breeding, and humanity enough to prompt kind speech to and treatment of hotel servants and others in that position.

In the fourth place, sense to observe, and delicacy to respect, the sometime necessity for, and luxury of—*silence.*

In the fifth place, which, after all, embraces all the rest,—*tact*, my friends, *tact;* without which man is a blunder—buss, or may I never more be kissed!

Fanny Fern.

* * *

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

Some people ridicule, or at least affect to ridicule, the possibility of such an experience as that indicated by this phrase. They say love is a thing of "gradual growth"—that it has its germination, ramification, budding, blossoming, fructification, &c., after the manner of vegetation.

This may be measurably true, and yet not forbid the essentiality of the fact which our caption sets forth. If the first step in the analogous tracings, "germination," be admitted as possible, the question is virtually settled, for it gives the foundation principle of love, to change our simile a little. Yes, we believe there *is* such a thing as "love at first sight"—that persons of opposite sexes, the moment they met eye to eye, have been attracted mutually, and become instantaneously interested in each other, to a degree which amounted to incipient love. We do not say that this feeling has always ultimated in a marital union. It may have not even continued for any great length of time. But this was because their circumstances, which is but another word for outside forces, were against its further development. It only needed a little of the oxygen of favoring social breezes to inflame the spark into that mutually satisfying glow, which every body would allow to be "love." But are we asked, "Do you recommend a general reliance on the emotion of 'love at first sight?'" We answer, No. We would counsel caution—a careful examination, and re-examination of their "impressions," by the parties concerned—ay, and a consideration of circumstances. Otherwise, serious mistakes may lead to more serious mis-steps. While we would encourage a degree of freedom of intercourse, calculated to give vent to the sympathies of the young, beyond what the restraints of more "fashionable circles" permit, we would also exhort to the consideration, that marriage is a divine institution—that it is a matter which concerns the community at large, in its ordinary consequences, as well as the immediate contracting parties—and that, as such, it claims abstinence from, at least, undue haste in *marrying* because of "love at first sight."

* * *

Virtue.—We seldom attain virtue until we have been purified by affliction—as only martyrs become saints.

A FREE ART GALLERY.

The establishment of a public free Art Gallery in our city, on a basis corresponding with the wealth and intelligence of our population, would result in manifold benefits. It would afford to all classes of our citizens a permanent source of innocent and rational amusement and instruction, and would be the sure means of withdrawing thousands from ignoble and depraving, to healthy and refining enjoyments. Every soul is gifted with a love for the beautiful in Nature and Art. Debarred as we are in a great measure from the contemplation of nature, we need so much more in the city to have recourse to Art, in order that we may not be without objects of beauty, calculated to awaken in us emotions of admiration and delight. A free Art Gallery, liberally furnished with the fine productions of the statuary, painter and engraver, would to some extent answer a common want, and prove a constant blessing. There can be no doubt of the elevating influence of works of high Art upon the mind. Goodness is naturally associated with beauty, and vice with deformity. In no way can this be better exemplified than by the master artist. There is no virtue which may not thus be made to appear more excellent; no vice which cannot be rendered more repulsive. Perhaps a chiefest good derivable from such institutions as the one we have suggested, is their service to the cause of morality. The free Galleries of Europe have withheld multitudes from vicious and criminal associations. The men of the monarchy understand this. Beyond this, such an institution, by educating public taste, would create an ever-increasing demand for works of superior merit, and thus encourage artists to more difficult and praiseworthy tasks. The standard of excellence would be educated by degrees, until we should boast artists equal to the best. In this country, the munificence of individuals is left to supply much, which in other countries is afforded by Government. And the State is never wiser than when it spends its means and energies to educate, refine and delight its people. It is the true business of the State to do thus. A donation in behalf of a free Art Gallery, as liberal as that of Astor for a free Library, and Cooper for free Education, would entitle the giver to the gratitude of generations. It would be a monument to preserve the donor's name, prouder and more lasting than a pyramid. But, if we cannot have a great gift, a multitude of small ones would accomplish the same end. If we but had the proper public room for a grand collection, much in the way of Art Contributions might be expected from artists and wealthy patrons of Art. From a small beginning a great end would soon appear, and the good thought would be soon seen in public morality and taste. Who is a candidate for gratitude and fame; who will by an ample gift lay the corner-stone of a public free Art Gallery in our city?

* * *

HOME.

Rings there a dearer, more magical word, from the vocabulary of human speech? Is there one oftener in human thoughts and on human tongues? If there be, we wot not of it. Beloved word, at some period of life the proudest property and boast of every human soul. All that are born have one dearest spot for memory to point at, and that spot is Home. On the land or on the sea, that cradle-spot never leaves the soul's vision. Humble or high, palace or cot, it matters not—it is Home. The Switzer, among the Avalanches; the Arab of the Desert, and the Guacho of the Pampas, idolize it alike. From the furthest points of wandering, and through all times and fates, all who are born of woman ever turn their feet or their memories toward home—

> "Sweet, sweet home,
> Be it never so humble, there's no place like home."

Home, of itself, is an ever-living thought in the human heart. The tenderest associations linger there—the fondest visions, the brightest dreams. Father, mother, brother, sister, these are the figures grouped there, fadeless and imperishable. To be homeless—O, crown of wretchedness! Home, home, home! possessed or remembered, yours are the ties that

> "Outlive time and cold mortality,"

and renew themselves in every sad, and every joyous hour forever. You are the Alpha and Omega; beginning on earth, and ending—Oh, no, never-ending, God grant, in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Home, home! fond, longing heart-cry of millions. Be the triple guard of reverence, love, and duty, round about thee. Profane, O man or woman, whatever other shrine thou wilt, but spare home, love home, protect home, treasure home! It is the best of our mortal refuges. Over the wide earth, may God bless every human home; and when earth fails, in His own infinite heart take us to our everlasting home.

* * *

OUR VIEWS ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Considerable newspaper discussion has arisen in this country upon the defeat of Mr. Thackeray, who lately "ran for Parliament." Some papers have issued spasmodic diatribes upon the subject, vehemently declaring that the "great satirist's defeat is a disgrace to England," and such other like nonsense. For our part, we think the Britons did a very sensible thing when they defeated Mr. Thackeray, who, although a keen critic and severe satirist, has never exhibited any pre-eminent, or even ordinary, capacity for statesmanship, or the practical management of complicated affairs.

The mere fact of a man's being competent to write a satire, poem, or novel, of ordinary or extraordinary merit, furnishes no basis for confidence in him as a legislator. There is so much impudent assertion kept up in newspapers and magazines about "injustice to authors," "claims of literary men," &c., &c., that superficial people have come to believe that all sorts of scribblers are a much-abused class, and that "authors" are the most worthy and valuable members of society. The truth is, authors that behave themselves, pay their debts, govern their passions, and bring up their families in a praiseworthy manner, are just as good, and no better than toilers in other fields who likewise do their duty to themselves, their families, and society. A man who writes a good book, is entitled to the same consideration as he who earns his living in any other honest way; and the woman who works with her pen, is neither more nor less to be commended than she who works with her needle or flat-iron. All honest and useful labor is equal in dignity and praiseworthiness, when pursued with the proper spirit.

* * *

Govern Your Imagination.—In proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only embitter disappointment and highten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Selfishness is capable of assuming a very self-sacrificing tone and manner. "My dear children," said an old rat to his young ones, "I am getting old and have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance in a narrow and lonely hole I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, and only obey my last injunction—never to come near me in my sad retreat." Wiping his paternal eyes with his paternal tail, the old rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved by filial affection, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole made by his own teeth in—a big Cheshire cheese.

Money is, like fire, a good servant but a bad master. It may be charged with injustice for mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity as because it makes others appear superior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing, were it not so galling to be outwitted. A Greek philosopher left his money in the hands of a friend to be given to his children in case they should be fools; "for," said he, "if they are wise, they will not want it."

Man is an image of the Deity that occasionally acts as if it were anxious to fill a niche in the temple of the Devil—the only creature, which, knowing its mortality and immortality, lives as if it were never to die, and too often dies as if it were never to live—the sole being gifted with reason, the only one that acts irrationally: the nothing of yesterday, the dust of to-morrow—a fleeting paradox, which the fulness of time alone can explain, a living enigma, the solution of which will be found in death.

A head might not unfrequently be justly defined as a bulbous excresence of special use as a peg for hanging a hat on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs—as a snuff-box or chatter-box—as a thing to fit a halter or a guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, follies, prejudices, passions—for anything, in short, but brains.

A distinguished politician complained that Mr. Webster assailed him and then retired from the Senate without giving him a chance to reply. It was very much like the case of the chap who set up a complaint that a thunderbolt had struck him and didn't wait for him to strike back.

It is said that a person has discovered a method of making good printing paper out of old newspapers. We are inclined to think that editors who make up their editorial articles of old news may as well have them printed on paper made in the same way.

The burglars in our city, though they have plied their trade very industriously, have lately made hardly enough to pay expenses. They say that they have abandone their trade till times improve and counting rooms are worth breaking open.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person, who, being reproached with not having avenged himself of a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

The politicians tell us that corruption is stalking abroad at noon-day. If so, we rather think that it is stalking upon the legs of those who are talking most about it.

We like the one-hour rule adopted by Congress. If a member has so much wind in his stomach that he cannot get it off in an hour, he had better send for a doctor to treat him for the cholic.

A great many people, who profess to be ready for any emergency, call themselves "minute men." Perhaps they would be more correct if they were to call themselves *minute* men.

A New York alderman said the other day—if you pass that bill the earth will shake under you. The bill was passed, but the old earth snoozed on, like an alderman after dinner.

A man killed another the other day, in this city, by throwing a brandy bottle at his head. The great question at the trial will be whether the deed was done with a "deadly weapon."

A cotemporary threatens to make us see ourselves by holding up a glass to our face. We think his great fault is that he has held up too many glasses to his own.

A rather hard-hearted fellow says that the best way of stopping the fountain of a lady's tears is to "dam her eyes."

"**I have** a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one—why don't you have it *cured?*"

We know a very ugly and penurious man who works in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.

A southern politician swears in a late speech, that he will die in harness. Many an ass has done so before.

A Gentleman named Slow, has got a very important mail contract. We hope he is *sure.*

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

It is known by frog-eaters that only the hind legs of the frog are eaten, and it has been customary heretofore for frog-catchers to tear off that part of the reptile, to save time, while the frog was alive. This fact has induced the society for the protection of animals, in Berne, to get a special law passed, compelling the frog-catchers to cut off the heads of their victims before detaching the part so loved by epicures.

A gentleman named Carver, who was hunting in the woods near Glasgow, Missouri, hearing his dog yelp as though in pain, hastened in the direction of the sound, and on arriving near beheld his hound in the coils of an enormous serpent. Quickly taking aim, he fired at the snake's head, in which he lodged a large charge of buck-shot. This so disabled the reptile that the gentleman soon killed him and rescued his dog. The snake was thirteen feet long.

The Prattstown Reveille says a blacksnake and rattlesnake fight came off in that vicinity a short time since, which was witnessed by the editor and several others. The blacksnake, after making all sorts of darts and dodges to confuse its antagonist, suddenly caught the latter round the throat, and coiling round and round the neck of its victim, soon choked the rattlesnake to death.

A beautiful babe, daughter of Edward and Edith Stranahan, of Williamsburg, was strangled a few days since, in a fit of whoopingcough. It is said that the early administration of a strong dose of alum in such an emergency, will relieve the patient of strangulation. It would be well for parents to be provided with such a simple remedy.

The body of the unfortunate son of Napoleon, (who was murdered by inches by his mother's relatives of the imperial house of Austria,) now lying at Schonnbrun, are shortly to be removed to Paris and deposited by the side of his father, in the Invalides. Thus does Napoleon rule the fates, from his mausoleum.

A boy aged fourteen years, named Joshua Lee, living in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, while playing near the door of his father's house, which is situated in a remote section, was suddenly attacked by a large black bear, and so severely torn by the animal's teeth before he could be rescued, that he died in a few hours.

A child in Montgomery county, Texas, was lately stung in the eye by a hornet. The pain was so intense, the screams of the poor little sufferer became unbearable, and after a while it went into convulsions and died. A post-mortem examination of the victim revealed the fact, that the sting of the hornet had penetrated the brain.

Three boys who were bathing in the East River, off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a few evenings since, were all drowned. Boys must be cautious about entering the water beyond their depth, unless means of rescue, in case of accident, are readily accessible.

A man was dangerously stabbed in the breast, a few evenings since, while standing at the corner of Water and Roosevelt streets, by a young woman whom he had deserted, and who had followed him night and day for a week in order to get a chance to wreak her vengeance.

A boy seven years of age, living in Bayard street, was so cruelly beaten, a few days since, by his father, that he soon died in great agony. The unnatural parent beat him with a heavy cane, until the poor child's back was a mass of clotted blood and gore.

Arrangements are being made by the proprietors of the steamship Great Eastern, to enable European travelers to make a three months' tour in America, and American travelers to do the same in Europe, for $300 each, as soon as that mammoth ship shall be got ready for service.

A gentleman was knocked down and robbed a few evenings since, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street. He called loudly (so he says) for assistance, but none came until the robber had disappeared.

They are raising blackberries in New Jersey which measure two and a half inches in circumference, and two inches in length.

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come out to the side of the sea, my love,
 Come out to the side of the sea ·
The robins are singing well to-day,
 And the winds and the waves agree ;
But song of robin, nor song of wave,
 Brings pleasure or peace to me—
O come, for I sit and wait, alone,
 On the rocks by the side of the sea !

I am going down in my memory
 To the blessed long ago,
When the golden ground of the buttercups
 Was dashed with the daisies' snow.
And I'm thinking of all you said to me,
 And if it were true or no,
While I watch the tide as it runs away
 From the beach so black and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet,
 Die of your smile forlorn,
Bury me here by the side of the sea,
 Where all my joy was born.
Where the waves shall make my lullaby,
 And the winds from night till morn,
Shall say to the rocks, "She is gone to sleep
 Where all her joy was born."

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XL.

MEETING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

"It gives me wonder great as my content,
 To see you here before me!" SHAKESPEARE.

The brig lay some quarter of a mile off the shore. Susan hailed a skiff, which soon put herself and her mistress alongside the vessel.

Barbara Brande's deck, as usual, presented an animating scene of orderly industry. Edwy, as mate, had charge of the forecastle. Several men were aloft, at work upon the rigging. Others were at the hatches, getting freight into the hold. Barbara stood upon the quarter-deck, directing some men, who were lowering the long-boat to go on shore. Upon observing a lady coming over the gang-way, she quickly walked forward to welcome the visitor. Barbara was the same handsome amazon! with the same erect and rounded form, the same stately head, firm features, great, strong, flashing black eyes and brilliant complexion, shaded by crisp, rippled bands of glittering, jet-black hair!

"Mrs. Estel! By all that is best, Mrs. Estel! Welcome! welcome! welcome! I am so overjoyed to see you!" she exclaimed, extending both hands to her visitor.

"Am I so little changed, Miss Brande, as to be recognized at once?" inquired the lady, with a slight smile, as she clasped the offered hands of the girl.

"Changed?" repeated Barbara, looking affectionately into her face. "Yes, my lady, you are changed, somewhat—a little paler and thinner, which makes your eyes look still larger and darker by the contrast; that is all. I knew you, of course, at a glance. Ah, Susan, is that you? *You* are not changed the least in life. How are you? But come into the cabin, where we can talk; for oh! my lady, I think that we must have a great deal to say to each other," exclaimed Barbara, addressing sometimes one and sometimes the other of her visitors, as she led the way into the cabin.

"First of all, Miss Brande, I wish to inquire if myself and maid can have berths here?" asked Estelle.

"Of course!" replied Barbara, promptly, as she motioned her visitors to take seats upon the sofa, at the same time placing herself in a chair.

"Then consider them engaged at once."

"You are going to Baltimore or Washington?"

"To neither. We are going back to the Headland, unless you can engage to put me on shore upon East Island."

"EAST ISLAND!"

"Yes; why are you astonished, Miss Brande?"

"Because no one ever lands on East Island. It is, in fact, inaccessible at all points save one. Besides, the old man who owns it is as jealous as a Chinaman of the approach of strangers."

"But the old man has been dead nearly a twelve-month."

"The old man dead!—and I never knew it!—though, in fact, everybody on the Island might die, and the rest of the world would know nothing about it! And so he is gone! Well, 'tis said that

"The angels weep, when a babe is born,
 And sing when an old man dies."

But what has become of the pretty heiress, Etoile?" inquired Barbara, at heart wondering how it was that Mrs. Estel should know anything of the Isle and its inhabitants.

"The young girl remains there under the charge of her guardian, Mr. Julius Luxmore."

Barbara heard! She heard this name pronounced without an exclamation, a start, or a change of color, betraying how terrible was the shock she had received—so perfect was the nervous system, and so admirable was the self-command of this noble girl.

There was scarcely a perceptible change in her voice, as she repeated—

"Mr. Julius Luxmore? You said that the young lady's guardian was Mr. Julius Luxmore?"

"Yes, Miss Brande."

"May you not be mistaken in the name, Madam?"

"Impossible, Miss Brande. But why do you ask?"

"Why, I knew Monsieur Henri De L'Ile for many years, and never heard him mention such a person among his intimate acquaintances. Though it is true that Monsieur Henri, who never encouraged visitors to approach the Island, some years ago even discontinued his visits to the mainland; or else, changed his trade from our shore to the opposite one, so that, for the last five years, I have lost sight of Monsieur De L'Ile."

"And it was precisely for that length of time, only, that he had been acquainted with Mr. Luxmore."

"Then it is not strange that I should never have heard of that friendship," said Barbara, too calmly to betray how much she was impressed by this new coincidence.

"But, Miss Brande, I have made a discovery, which I wish to impart to you. But first, will you permit Susan to close the cabin?"

Barbara arose and secured the door, and returning, said—

"Now I am at your service, dear lady. Go on; I listen."

"Miss Brande, this man, this Julius Luxmore, has for five years past, fixed his avaricious eyes upon the fortune of his ward, and to secure that, has determined to take advantage of her innocence and inexperience, and, child as she is, to marry her. But, if it should not be too late, I have power, through the discovery that I have made, to prevent this sacrifice."

"You, my lady?" replied Barbara, who neither by look, tone, or gesture, revealed how deeply the iron had entered her soul.

"Yes, I, Miss Brande! And hence my intended voyage to the Island. But I must tell you the momentous discovery that I have made. You may remember that, in relating my story, I informed you that after the birth of my little girl, I just saw her face fade away from my fainting eyes; and that after recovering from the alternate stupor and delirium of many weeks, upon inquiring for my child, I was told that she was dead and buried?"

"I remember, lady."

"*I was deceived.* My child was not dead. She had been secreted by her grandmother, Madame L'Orient, who, after the transportation of Monsieur Victoire, to make herself acceptable to the childless Monsieur Henri, conveyed the infant to the Island."

"Oh, madame, what a discovery! To what Providential circumstance were you indebted for it?" inquired Barbara, who, through all her own aching heart, sympathized with this deeply-wronged mother.

"To a Providential meeting and conversation with her nurse, Madeleine, whom the jealousy and caution of Mr. Luxmore had banished from the Island," replied the lady, who thereupon commenced and gave a full and detailed account of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Madeleine, and the revelation which had been made her by the latter, concerning the infancy of Etoile, the death of Monsieur Henri, the guardianship of Mr. Luxmore, and the appointed marriage between the guardian and his ward.

ETOILE SEEKING TO DISCOVER THE RETURNING BARQUE OF HER BETROTHED.

And Barbara listened—no outward emotions revealing the inward storm that shook her great soul. That her betrothed—whom she had mourned as dead, these five years past, and to whose memory she had been more faithful than many widows to that of their husbands—should have been, for this length of time, not dead, but deliberately false—false under circumstances that increased a thousand fold the heinous enormity of his treachery—was a thought that convulsed her soul with anguish. But there existed a merciful possibility that this might not be *her* Julius Luxmore! True the name was rare, the coincidences striking, the circumstantial evidence nearly overwhelming; but she had heard of innocent people being convicted upon much stronger proof; and she would suspend her judgment until her own eyes should convince her of his turpitude! But, until then, what a war in her bosom! Happily, with her regnant self-control, she let no sign of this inward tempest escape. She answered Estelle very calmly, saying—

"Yes, lady, you are right. If not too late, this unnatural marriage must be stopped. And if not too late *now*, lest it should become so by another day's delay, we must lose no time. It was my intention to sail to-morrow morning for the Chesapeake. But if you wish, and if you will be ready, I will get up anchor and make sail for the Island at moonrise this evening."

"Oh! how generous you are! how heart and soul you enter into my interests, Miss Brande—dearest Barbara!"

"Ay! call me by my Christian name. I like that best," was all the answer the quiet, but half broken-hearted girl made.

Estelle and her maid then arose and took leave of Miss Brande, promising to be on board at an hour before the time of sailing, in the evening.

For some moments after her friends had left the vessel, Barbara Brande remained standing, like one transfixed by sorrow and dismay. Then, suddenly starting, she exclaimed—

"But this is no time to think of my own trouble. I must bring *them* together!"

And she hastened down into her cabin, where she took a seat at her little table, drew writing materials before her, and indited the following brief letter—

BRIG OCEAN QUEEN,
New York Harbor, July 184-.

MY LORD—We sail for the Chesapeake this evening If you would hear of one for whom you have long searched, meet me at the Headland, where I shall wait for you. B. B.

She sealed this letter and superscribed it—

'The Right Honorable, the Earl of Eagle Tower, Washington, D. C.'

Then, calling Edwy, she bade him take the letter, and hasten with it ashore, to secure the next mail.

Meanwhile the skiff, still waiting alongside, conveyed Estelle and her maid to the wharf where they entered the cab and returned home to make hasty preparations for their voyage. They packed up a few articles of wearing apparel, closed up the house, called to take a hasty leave of Madeleine, drove down to the wharf, and by seven o'clock found themselves in the stern gallery of the Ocean Queen.

At eight o'clock, the full moon arose, a light breeze from the west sprang up, and under these favorable auspices the brig made sail.

"If this weather continues we shall reach the Island in five days," said Barbara.

"Heaven grant that it may so," replied Estelle. "Unlikely, as under the most favorable circumstances, it seems, I still have a deep prophetic feeling that I shall yet be able to save my child!"

"Heaven grant *that*, also," said Barbara."

"Amen," responded Estelle.

And then, as the friends sat in the stern gallery, watching the receding shores, or the moonlit sea, their thoughts reverted to by-gone days.

Estelle said—

"I do not see Willful! What have you done with my favorite?"

"Willful has been midshipman in the navy for three years past, dear lady; his ship is now daily expected home from the Mediterranean."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Estelle, and then after a short pause, she said—

"I am thinking of Joseph in Egypt, when he lifted up his voice, and said—'I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?' Oh, Barbara, you know what I would ask! Do *my* parents yet live?"

"Lady, when I last heard of Sir Parke and Lady Morelle, some few months since, they were enjoying their usual health, and living in their customary state, at Hyde Hall."

"Thank Heaven!"

"But, Madame, is there no one else that you care to inquire for?"

"Yes! Tell me, Miss Brande, if you can, that *he* is well and happy. That he has forgotten poor Estelle, and all the sorrow she has occasioned him, and has found, somewhere, a bride to his mind?"

"Lady, is it possible that you never look into an English newspaper?"

"Never. If they fell in my way, I might not be able to refrain from searching them, any more than I can refrain from questioning you. But they have *not* come in my way, and I have abstained from seeking them. But tell me of *him*."

"Lady, he has regularly corresponded with me, for the last five years. Each month he has written, asking me if I have heard news of *you*. And when I last heard of *Lord Montressor*,"—she said, laying a strong emphasis on the name—"he was resident minister at the court of———. Lady both your parents and your lover have sought you over the earth, for five years past. Immediately after the decision of the Arches' Court, which you might have seen——"

"Yes! I saw it by chance in the Court Journal."

——"Your father and lover set out for the Headland, where they arrived just a month after you had left. I cannot describe to you their disappointment. It was deplorable! Since that they have used every means to discover your retreat. How vainly, you know."

"Miss Brande, I shall trust in you to keep my secret!"

"Dear lady, I really will not enter into any bonds of that sort. You must trust solely to Providence for your future. I think if you knew how rare a thing is constancy, in this world of ours, you would set more value upon that of the Earl——I mean Lord Montressor."

Estelle made no reply to that, but turned the conversation into another channel.

They remained talking until ten o'clock, when Estelle retired to her state room, and soon after to her berth, where, exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the last two days, she soon fell into a deep sleep.

"Alas! for the fair hopes with which this voyage commenced! The next day the weather changed, the wind shifted, and blew straight ahead for three days, during which the vessel beat about, making little or no progress down the Atlantic. And when at last the gale subsided, there ensued a dead calm, that lasted two weeks, during which the vessel lay like a log, burning under the fierce heat of the July sun. Barbara and her passengers were nearly in despair. But we must leave them in their dilemma, and borrowing the wings of imagination, precede them to the Island, to ascertain what, in the meantime, has been the fate of Estelle's child.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WAITING BRIDE.

"Wake, maiden wake! the moments fly
 Which yet that maiden name allow;
Wake, lady wake! the hour is nigh
 When One shall claim thy plighted vow."
 SCOTT.

No band of hired minstrels sounding their reveille aroused Etoile L'Orient on the morning of her birth-day and appointed bridal eve. But the matin songs of myriad birds that made the fair Isle their home, as usual awoke the maiden.

With no understanding of the dreadful, loveless, life-long bond, with which she was about to fetter her soul—but with an ecstatic recollection that upon this day, it was appointed she should leave the Isle for the unknown world beyond, the artless creature sprang from her couch, to greet the sun upon this her bridal morn.

She went first and threw open the window-shutters to look out.

It was a morning without cloud or mist, or breath of stirring air. Far eastward, across the still gray waters and beyond the silvery sanded flats of Accommac, the sun—like a king without his court—was rising in solitary grandeur, not a single courtier cloud attended his levee, or reflected his splendor. Every aspect of the earth, sea and sky, foreboded a still, close, hot day, to be followed by a night of storm.

Every solitary dweller with nature, is by habit weather-wise. Etoile, the young recluse of the Island, could read the signs of the sky, and looking out, breathed a light sigh.

"The atmosphere is lifeless, though 'tis early morning; not a leaf stirs on the trees; scarcely a ripple curls on the waters; even the birds have already ceased their songs; and I—I can scarcely breathe this motionless air! But I will ask Moll about the weather, she knows the best."

And going to the bell-rope the young girl rang for her attendant.

Old Moll and little Peggy entered.

"What sort of day is this going to be, Aunt Moll?"

"'Deed, Miss Etty, it gwine be like yisdy and day 'fore yisdy, on'y more so! 'Deed its wonderful hot an' close; not a bref of air more'n de whole yeth had de asthmetics! Marster send a little gus' or somefin to freshen the air a bit! Is yer gwine down to the crik?" said the old woman, as she busied herself with getting together her young lady's bathing dress, shoes, cap, towels and so forth.

"Yes," Etoile said, "of course I am going down to the creek."

Old Timon always waited at the little maiden's solitary breakfast table. This morning he made his appearance just as his young mistress took her seat at the board.

"What sort of weather are we going to have, Timon?" asked the child.

"Honey, dere's bound to be a change afore long," replied this philosopher, oracularly.

"What *sort* of a change, Timon?" inquired Etoile, a little impatiently

"*A change*—dat all I kin say," responded the sable savan, growing more profoundly mysterious.

"Do you think that the packet will reach here this morning?"

"Yes, honey, dat is ef she kin git here! which yer see 'pends 'pon circumferences b'yond our 'trol."

Finding that there was no satisfaction to be got from Timon, the young lady arose and retired to her own parlor and endeavored to settle herself to her usual avocation. In vain! She could not confine her attention to the open book before her. She tried her painting, and then her music, with no better success. Finally, she arose and went to her aviary.

"Poor little captives! you are so like myself that I ought not to neglect you for an hour," she said, and calling her little hand-maid, Peggy, to her assistance, she opened all the windows of the aviary to let in more light if not more air. And then she busied herself until noon in cleaning out the cages, and supplying them with seed and water and fresh green boughs. The clock struck twelve while she was still at work.

"Noon! and the packet not here yet! Bring me the telescope, Peggy."

The little maid obeyed. And Etoile taking the instrument from her hand went out upon the piazza, adjusted the glass, and took a sweeping survey of the Chesapeake. Up the Bay in the direction whence she expected the packet, with Mr. Luxmore, not a sail was to be seen. Down the Bay—very far down, midway between the two capes, lay apparently becalmed, a vessel.

With a deep sigh, she lowered the telescope, laid it on the settee, and returned to her occupation in the aviary.

At dinner she again spoke to Timon.

"Two o'clock, uncle, and the packet not here!"

"How she gwine be here, chile, widout a bref of win' to blow her along?"

"Oh, I wish the wind would rise!"

"Hush, honey! you don't know what yer asking for!"

"Ah, but I am *so tired* of this place."

"You wants to leab we-dem mighty bad!"

"Oh, no! no, no! only for a little while! I I could not desert the dear Isle, and you all who are on it, forever! because, after all, I love my Island and my people better than all else *living*. But I do want to go and see the wonderful world. And even more than that I want to see my dear lost mother's friends and hear about *her*. For you know, no one would ever tell me about my dear mother—where she lived, or if she lived at all!—or if she was dead, or where she was buried! So, you see, I am left altogether in doubt. And Mr. Luxmore has promised to take me, directly after we are married, back to my mother's friends. It is that which makes me so anxious to be gone! Oh, Heaven! that the wind would rise!"

Leaving the table, she called Peggy to bring her the telescope, and went up stairs to the attic, and then up the ladder to the little observatory terrace upon the apex of the roof between the two central chimneys. Adjusting the instrument she looked far up the Bay. There was not a sail to be seen. She turned the glass down the Bay. There lay the schooner just within the Capes.

While watching her still white sails, she observed the ragged end of an inky cloud just above the horizon. At the same instant, a distant, deep, and hollow moan sounded over the sea, and like a prophetic sigh from nature the first breath of the waking breeze touched her brow.

"Thank Heaven, the wind is rising," she said.

And lowering her telescope she went below.

"Timon, the wind is getting up! the packet will be in!" she said, exultingly to the old man whom she found upon the piazza.

"Yes, honey; but dis win come *up* de Bay dead ag'in any down packet."

"Why, so it is! I never thought of that," said Etoile, with a look of disappointment.

"But don't you git 'scouraged, honey! Now de win' up, it may shif', an' any win' short ob *harry-cane* is better nor a dead calm."

Restlessly, impatiently, the girl walked about, looking first from one window and then from another. At last she said—

"Bring along the telescope, and go down to the beach with me, Timon. I want to watch."

And taking down her straw hat, she tied it on, and led the way to the extreme south point of the Island, called the Shells.

This was the most desolate—or rather the *only* desolate portion of her insular domain. In low water, it exhibited several acres of rugged shoal, consisting of reefs beyond reefs of sand, shells, sea ore, and all the multifarious deposits of the waves. Here, after ebb tide, in the deep pools left in the hollows between the reefs, shell-fish were caught in abundance by the Island negroes. Now, the water was very low, and Etoile could easily step across the little pools in which she observed the crabs and manenosies struggling to escape.

"Give me the glass. There! stand and let me rest it upon your shoulder, good Timon, and I will see what I can see. That schooner is nearer. Her sails are filling with the breeze. She is bearing up," said Etoile, after she had taken sight. Then lowering the glass, and returning it to the keeping of Timon, she scanned the sky with her naked eye. Detached and ragged fragments of an inky cloud, sailed like an ill-omened fleet before the wind up the horizon.

"There will be a gust! I hope it will not be a serious one. What think you, father Timon?"

"'Deed, honey, you may 'pare for anything, when you sees de debil's black rag-bag shook out in the sky dat way!" said Timon, ominously.

The wind blew higher—the fleet of clouds sailed up faster—the sea took on a darker shadow.

"Miss Etty, chile, I thinks how we done better go into the house," said the old negro, uneasily.

"Perhaps we had," said Etoile, turning. "But, father Timon, what is the matter with the birds?" she inquired, calling his attention to the great flocks of water-fowl screaming, that darted distractedly to and fro between the darkened heavens and the troubled sea, or dropped in sudden terror to the covert of some thicket on the Island. "What does ail the birds, father Timon?"

"*Dey* knows,—de dumb creeturs do!" replied the old man, mysteriously.

"What do you mean, father Timon?"

"Ah! chile, you's young—you is! You nebber see such a tempes' in your life, as we-dem gwine to have to-night!"

"Oh, I hope not! Dear Heaven, I hope not!" exclaimed Etoile fervently, and the next moment she took heart of grace, and comforted herself with the reflection, that old Timon was always, at best, a croaker.

The gale was now blowing so hard, that it was with difficulty she could keep her footing, and avoid being thrown forward upon her face.

As they neared the house, she saw old Moll and Peggy hastily closing blinds and letting down windows.

Turning her eyes over the grounds, she noticed the old men hurrying the frightened cattle into their places of shelter, while crowds of women and children were running towards the mansion house, as a place of greater safety from the impending storm.

Flocks of sea-fowl were seen settling on the Isle. Man and beast, alike, seemed impressed with the prophetic instinct, that the coming tempest would be one of unprecedented violence.

Old Moll opened the front door to admit her young mistress.

"Come in, chile! Lors a messy 'pon top o' me! Come in out'n the win'! It's enough to blow you 'way!" she said, taking the hand of the young girl and drawing her within the door. Then noticing the crowd of women and children, increased now by the arrival of the old men from putting the cattle up, she angrily exclaimed:

"What all you-dem black niggers come a scrowdging in here for? Go 'long wid yer! You tink how ef de debbil want you to-night, Miss Etwil can save you? Go 'long wid you!"

"Oh, let them come in, poor souls! if they think they will feel any better here! We will all sit together in the large, front room, until the storm is past," said the gentle-hearted girl. And, as her sweet will was law, all her people entered with her, and found shelter in that spacious apartment opposite Etoile's parlor, which had once been Monsieur Henri's hall of state.

The negroes withdrew to the walls of the rooms.

"Find seats—find seats—you must not, after your long day's labor, remain standing," said their kind, young mistress.

The old people sat down in chairs, at an humble distance from their little lady, and took the children upon their laps. The others seated themselves upon the carpet.

Etoile drew a chair to the center-table and reclined.

They were scarcely thus arranged, when a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous roll of thunder, startled every one to their feet.

"Marster, messy on us!" cried old Moll, crossing herself. "Oh! Miss Etwil, honey, let me light a bless' candle!"

"You must trust in the Lord, mother Moll."

"Yes, chile, so I does; but I'd feel heap easier in my mind, if there was a bless' candle light'."

"Oh, yes, Miss Etwil! please, honey, let de bress candle be lit," pleaded the other servants.

There was no wisdom in arguing with terrified negroes in a storm.

"Light the candles, if you like," said the little lady.

Moll jumped to avail herself of the permission. She went to the fire-place, where, occupying the center of the mantle-shelf, stood a plaster image of a saint, with a wax candle in each hand. Moll took one of these, drew a match and lighted it, and was just about to replace it in the hand of the image, when—

There fell—hurled down from heaven—a tremendous thunderbolt, striking and shattering the chimney, throwing Moll upon her face, extinguishing the candle, and stunning, into momentary insensibility, every person in the apartment!

Total darkness and silence followed the shock.

Etoile, who, in the swift instant of receiving the electric charge had believed herself to be annihilated, was the first to recover her senses and presence of mind. More slowly returned her powers of speech and motion. But all was total darkness and stillness around her. She listened.

Not a motion—not a breath—not a sound—save the falling of the rain, was heard.

"My Father! are they all killed!" she exclaimed. "Who is alive? Is there no one that can answer me?" she inquired and waited for the issue.

None spoke.

She arose, still quivering from the shock, and groped her way over prostrate forms to the mantlepiece, when she felt for the matches, and lighted the remaing candle. The illumination of the room showed her the forms of the prostrate negroes, slowly recovering, and amid muttered prayers and exclamations of dismay, picking themselves up.

No one was hurt.

Etoile stooped and took up the extinguished candle, lighted it and placed it, with the other, in the hands of the image. The double light certainly made the large room look more cheerful, and revived the spirits of the appalled negroes.

"But see you," said their young mistress, "you must trust in God alone. For observe, even though Aunt Moll held the blessed candle in her hand, she was struck down by the shock of the thunderbolt, and the candle was extinguished!"

"Lord forgive you, Miss Etwill, honey," replied the old woman. "It wur de bressed an' holy candle as saved all our lives! An' ef I hadn'd had de sanctify candle lighted in my han' when I was struck, I done been stretch out here, a dead 'oman on de floor!"

Etoile's blue eyes dilated at this strange but almost unanswerable argument, and before she found a reply, another blinding flash of lightning, followed by an appalling crash of thunder, and a dashing flood of rain, sent all the negroes upon their knees.

Etoile grew pale as death, not for herself, but for others.

"Oh, God have mercy! Oh, God guard the ships at sea!" she prayed, with clasped hands, and lifted eyes.

"An' on we-dem, too, amen, amen," responded all around her.

And now in the intervals between the rolling, crashing and rending peals of thunder, and in the pauses of the dashing floods of rain, and the howling blasts of wind, was heard another dread sound.

It came not—like the thunder, the rain, and the wind—in fitful and startling assaults.

It came at certain intervals—regular, monotonous, and inexorable as fate.

It was a slow succession of dull, heavy, tremendous shocks, at each of which the solid earth seemed to quake and shudder.

Each shock was nearer, harder, heavier than the last.

The negroes heard it in appalled silence.

Our young heroine listened to the unknown sound, and looked upon the panic-stricken faces of her people. Then she inquired, with forced calmness—

"What is that noise, Timon?"

"Oh, Miss Etwill, honey, don't ax me! Say your prayers, chile, an' let's die like Christians."

"Oh, God! it is the SEA! The SEA is advancing upon the Island!" exclaimed Etoile, as the awful truth broke upon her consciousness.

Then followed weeping and wailing, and wild wringing of the hands among her servants.

Etoile, heroic by nature, and self-controlled by education, after her first exclamation, became composed. Her clear, strong, active intellect at once comprehended the circumstances.

"The house stands high, the walls are of solid masonry. The sea may enter and flood the lower chambers, but will not be likely to rise to the upper ones, and cannot sweep away the building," she said to herself.

But, meanwhile, the wild tumultuous waters thundered onwards like a vast besieging army. Soon the strong walls shook under the cannonading of the waves.

The negroes howled in the very agony of terror.

"Silence, and listen to me!" exclaimed the young heroine, rising and lifting her hand to attract attention.

In an instant the lamentations ceased, and all looked up to her beautiful inspired face, as though it had been the face of an angel.

"To the attic chambers! Every one of you to the attic! There you will be quite safe."

But so benumbed were their faculties by fright, and so confused their senses—with the mingled, deafening, chaotic noises of rolling thunder, and howling wind, and falling trees, and, above all, of the dreadful roar of the waters that broke against the trembling walls and creaking doors and windows of the house,—that they seemed to have lost the power of motion.

"To the attic! to the attic for your lives! Snatch up the children and fly!" exclaimed Etoile, just as a great sea, thundering, broke upon the walls, and bearing down the doors and windows, rushed roaring into the house.

They had had barely time to seize the children and run through the back door to the back staircase, up which they fled before the pursuing waves.

Etoile, who had lingered behind to see that none were left, must have been whelmed in the black rush of waters that soon filled the first floor, but for her power of swimming. So she reached the staircase and clambered up.

Three flights of stairs brought her to the attic, where she found her terrified people gathered.

"We are safe! We are safe! return thanks to God and set yourselves at rest," exclaimed their mistress, as she joined them.

"Oh, young missus, is you sure?" inquired one of the old women.

"Yes! the water has risen only to the fifth step on the first staircase—it is wonderful that it could rise so high, and nearly impossible that it should rise higher. Be all composed. Give thanks to God, who holds the sea in the hollow of his hands! Who says unto the wild waters, 'Thus far, no farther shalt thou go; and here let thy proud waves be stayed.' The storm must be nearly expended. It is almost midnight. And midnight and noonday, like sunset and sunrise, are always crises in weather," said the young girl.

But nothing seemed to corroborate her comforting testimony. For in this lofty, bleak, exposed attic, the violence of the storm was fearfully apparent. Through the uncovered glass windows, the lightning blazed in a continuous and blinding glare. Over the near roof, the thunder broke in deafening crashes. Around the peaked gables, the wind raved, rifting off and rattling down the shingles. And through every chink and crevice the rain poured; while up from below rose the roar of the multitudinous devouring waters.

It was a night of such fear, horror, and desolation, as the oldest negro on that Island had never seen before!

At one o'clock, while the storm was still raging, Etoile crept down in the dark, to take observation of how high the waters might have risen in the house. Down two flights of stairs she went, and paused at the head of the third. It was pitch dark. She stooped and listened, and heard the muffled motion of the waters within the walls, but was unable, from the sound, to judge how near they might be to her feet.

"Never mind! I will hold by the bannisters and step cautiously, and when I wet my shoes, it will be time enough to stop," said the heroic girl, as she went down on her dark and dangerous exploration. She had descended to the turn in the staircase, and had not yet wet her feet, when by the red gleam of the wax-lights left burning high in the hands of the image on the marble-shelf of the large room, she saw the dark pool of waters below. Now, it may be strange, but it is true, that this still, black, confined abyss of water in an unwonted place, filled her soul with more fear than the great waves of the open sea could have inspired, because mingling with this fear was a disgust and loathing which could make no part of the terrors of the great ocean. Nevertheless, she went down nearly to the dark water's edge, and by the red gleam of the candle-light upon the surface, she noticed that it had fallen to the third step and was steadily subsiding. Having ascertained this fact she hastened back up stairs to rejoice the hearts of her people with these glad tidings.

"The sea is receding. In an hour it will have retired from the house! *Now*, will you return thanks to the Lord who has stayed the waves?" she exclaimed, as she joined her people.

"Oh! we do, we do, Miss Etwill, but hear to the thunder still!" responded old Moll, on the part of the negroes.

The storm, however, had spent its worst fury.

The wind, like the waves, was subsiding.

The flashes of lightning were less vivid, and less frequent. The peals of thunder rolled off, faint and far.

The rain fell softer.

After two o'clock the clouds began to break away, dispersed. And at three o'clock the same placid morn that had shone upon Estelle, lying awake, in her small dwelling in the distant city, looked in now through the attic window, upon her fair child, Etoile, seated among her sable attendants.

As soon as the thunder and lightning had ceased, the negroes, a heavy-headed race, had, one by one, dropped asleep on the attic floor.

But not so could Etoile compose herself to slumber. The novelty and excitement of her position, suspense and anxiety concerning the fate of the vessels at sea, combined to banish sleep from her eyelids.

Near morning she went to one of the front dormer windows, opened it, and looked out.

The far spent night was now almost as light as day. The full moon rode in the mid heavens. The first, faint dawn of morning paled the east. A few rent and ragged black clouds hung about the horizon, only serving to make the gray sky look lighter by the contrast. The sea had receded from the centre of the Island, but still raged and boiled over two thirds of the lower portion. Many fragments of broken timber were tossed hither and thither upon the crests of the waves. At first Etoile naturally supposed these to be portions of the Island cabins carried away by the flood.

But the next instant, raising her eyes and looking out at sea, she saw, oh, horror! what.

The bare hulk of a vessel, the masts and shrouds all gone, tossed about, the sport of the maddened sea!

And while her eyes were still spell bound to the awful spectacle—the wreck shuddered through all her frame, settled, and went down, and the waves closed over the spot where she had sunk!

With a terrible cry, Etoile fell upon her face. Neither her cry nor fall aroused any of the heavy-headed negroes, sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Not long the poor girl lay in her swoon; for when she recovered her senses, it was early morning. At first stupefied, bewildered and confused, with a dull aching, undefined consciousness of something painful lying heavy at her heart, she strove in vain for recollection. And then suddenly flashed back upon her mind the perfect memory of the night of storm and of the ship that sank in her sight.

She hastened to arouse her servants.

"Awake! awake! up, up! a ship has been cast away on our shoal! I saw her go down before my eyes!" she cried, shaking one and then another.

In a few minutes all were on their feet, and eagerly questioning each other as to what had happened.

But Etoile rushed to the window and looked out. The sun was just rising.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHAT THE SEA GAVE TO ETOILE.

"A ruddy tinge of glowing bronze
Upon his face is set,
Closely around his temples cling
Thick locks of shining jet;
He loves to climb the tall mast-head
Or plunge in the rapid stream;
He dares to look on the thunder-cloud,
And laugh at the lightning's gleam."
ELIZA COOK.

The sun arose over a scene of wild devastation. The green and blooming Isle was laid waste. Rose trellices, fences, arbors, and even the cottage homes of the negroes had been swept off by the flood. Groves of old forest trees had been torn up or broken down. Orchards of young fruit-trees were uprooted and swept away. Growing crops were annihilated. The sea that had receded from the Isle, surged, boiled and plunged madly upon the beach. A wild, sullen, and chaotic sky overhung the scene. Black, torn, and jagged clouds, looking as though by some violent concussion of the elements they had been shivered into fragments, still hung about the horizon. The receding winds and waves still moaned in fitful gusts.

"'Our house is left unto us desolate,'" said Old Moll, speaking in the solemn words of Scripture, as she looked forth upon this scene.

"But indeed I do not mind that! for a few months of patient labor and another spring will repair all the damage done to the Island. But for the lives lost! Oh, friends, for the lives lost upon that doomed vessel, and upon how many more—good Heaven!—that may have gone down in the storm of last night!" said Etoile, mournfully.

"Our cabins are all carried away," muttered one old woman disconsolately.

"Your cabins shall be rebuilt and refurnished. All your losses shall be repaired. But alas! for those who have perished! Who shall re-build their 'house of life,'" she added, sorrowfully. Then solemnly replying to her own question, she said—"Even the Lord of life! He shall re-build their house of life! He shall give them mansions in the sky."

Then, after a little pause, she suddenly exclaimed—"Come, friends, let us go down and learn the worst." And she led the way followed by the whole troup.

The third and second floors of the house were found uninjured. But the first floor, that had been swept by the flood, was thoroughly saturated with wet, and covered with a thick deposit of sand. The water-mark upon the walls showed that the sea had risen to the hight of four feet in the rooms. All lighter articles of furniture, such as chairs, footstools, etc., had been floated off. Other things remained uninjured.

They quickly opened all the doors and windows to let the drying air pass through, and then they went forth from the house.

So rapidly had the sea advanced and receded that the ground was not wet many inches deep. And they were enabled to pass, if not dry-shod, yet without wading, down to the beach, called the Shells.

Here was a wild scene! The higher sites of the shoals were littered with fragments of the wreck—broken spars, planks, casks, coops, etc. Farther down the stormy sea still leaped, plunged, and broke upon the shore. While carefully picking her way among the multifarious fragments of the wreck, and springing over the surging pools, from rift to rift, Etoile suddenly paused and shrieked.

At her feet, among broken boxes, staved barrels, and tangled ropes,—bound with sea-weed, and half buried in sand, lay the body of a young man!

In an instant Etoile was kneeling by his side, sweeping the sand and sea-weed from his face and form, and eagerly searching for some sign of life.

"Oh, come Moll! come Timon! come all of you and tell me! Is he dead? Is he dead?"

With an interest almost as intense as though the stranger had been some near friend or relative, she cleared his face from obstruction, loosened his cravat, and sought to raise his head.

But at that moment a spasm of pain convulsed his face and a tremulous moan escaped his lips. "Oh! he lives! the poor youth lives!" she exclaimed, rising and addressing the old negroes, whose slow steps had now brought them to the spot.

"Peggy! you and Chloe run, and bring down hither the light wicker settee from the hall, and spread two soft quilts upon it, girls. He must be laid upon that and carried up to the house. Timon! as soon as ever the sea subsides sufficiently to permit it, you must take the cutter, and run across to Heathville, to bring Doctor Crampton here. He is very much hurt, I fear! Oh girls, make haste! It is so dreadful for a bruised or wounded man to lie here on these rugged rifts!" she exclaimed, giving all her orders with the clearness and promptitude worthy of an older head.

As soon as it was possible to accomplish the task, the young negro maids returned, bringing the settee and soft quilts, which were folded and laid upon it.

"Now raise him tenderly, tenderly. Timon, help them. Softly—do not jar his form. Ah! he moans! you hurt his shoulders, Timon! Be very careful. Now ease him down on the settee—so—there," she said, hovering with compassionate interest around the wounded man, while her troup of attendants looked on stupidly, or lent their aid only at her command. In truth, the poor creatures had not yet recovered from the panic of the storm.

"Now, Peggy and Chloe, take the head, and, Anne and Jane, go to the feet, and so go on, slowly, to the house. Be careful! do not stumble! The least roughness of motion must be so painful to a wounded man. Aunt Moll, you and Aunt Patsy hurry on to the house, and prepare your old master's chamber and bed for this youth," said Etoile, anxiously heedful of the welfare of the human waif thus cast upon her care.

She was promptly obeyed in every particular. And while the old negro men remained upon the shoals, searching with the instinct of natural wreckers, for spoils among the fragments, the old women, with a kinder impulse, hastened as fast as age and the rough way would allow, to prepare for the comfort of this survivor of the wreck. The young maids bore their burden gently on; and Etoile walked by the side of the settee, anxiously watching the pale, haggard, but handsome face of the sufferer.

Very carefully he was carried into the house, and up into the chamber of the late Monsieur Henri.

Very tenderly, then, the two old women changed his clothes, and laid him on the bed, covering him with a light, soft, white counterpane. When this was done, they called their young mistress, who came in with a small crystal flask of brandy, and a little glass.

"I have been looking in a medical book. It says that brandy must be given. Lift his head gently, Moll, while I pour a little into his lips," she said, approaching the bed.

The woman complied; but the lips, or rather the teeth of the patient were so firmly closed, that she could not force a drop through.

"Moll, I shall have to bleed him!" she said, almost in tears.

"Bleed! you! Miss Etoile? You do such a thing?" exclaimed old Moll in dismay.

"Yes! the book says in such a case as this, it must be done. There is no one here to do it but me. I know how it should be done, for I have often seen my dear uncle do it, in cases of necessity. Oh, I feel it is dreadful. It makes my blood run cold to think of it; but sooner than see a fellow creature die, you know, why, even I must nerve myself to use a lancet."

And, without farther ado, the young heroine prepared bandages and bowl, selected from her late uncle's case of instruments a proper lancet; and then, having stripped the arm to the shoulder, and tied a handkerchief tightly around it above the elbow, until the vein was erected, she took the blade between her finger and thumb, and with a firm hand proceeded to make the incision. It is true, that her sweet young face was pale as marble, and her lips firmly compressed, as she watched the thick and crimson stream of life curl slowly over the white arm; but her courage was repaid when, presently, she saw the rigor of the patient's form and face relax, and his bosom rise and fall in a long, deep, soft breath.

"Thank Heaven! Oh, thank Heaven!" she said, as she unbound the tight ligature to let the tide of life flow back, and carefully bandaged the arm.

"I thank you, fair and gentle lady," she heard a faint voice murmur, and looking up, as she replaced the arm, she saw the dark eyes of her patient opened, and regarding her with an expression of mingled astonishment and gratitude.

She beckoned her old servant to take away the sanguinary evidences of her late work, and then stooping, inquired softly—

"Are you hurt much?"

"I think not, young lady."

"Try to take a very deep breath,—so, there,—does it hurt you to breathe thus?"

"Not in the least, my kind nurse."

"Then that proves that you have received no injury!"

"Ay! thank Heaven, I have received no inward hurt."

"Now move your limbs. Can you move them freely and without pain?"

"Yes, young lady."

"It is certain, then, that they are not broken nor strained."

"Ay! thank Heaven for that, also," said the patient, smiling.

"Forgive me, if I seem intrusive; but I am the only doctor that is at hand, just now. So, for your own sake, young gentleman, you will be so good as not to mock when I question you," said the young girl, with the mild majesty that, on occasions, she could assume.

"I am most indebted to your compassion, my fair physician. I am blessed beyond my merits in falling into your hands. Did my smile offend you? Ah, young lady! it was the smile of one not fully come to his senses! Did you know how little cause I have to smile, you would pity, even more than you condemn."

"I condemn not! I pity from my deepest heart. But think of yourself, and of getting better. You have friends who love you, and for whose sake you must strive quickly to recover. Now then! move your arms, please."

The patient obeyed, but groaned deeply with the effort.

"One of your arms is hurt."

"I think it is broken above the elbow."

"Oh!"

"It was a sudden catching of the breath, so full of acute, sympathetic pain, that the sufferer looked up in the pale face of his young nurse, wondering that this sensitive creature could be the same girl who, ten minutes before, had nerved her gentle heart to use the lancet.

But even while he wondered, she was gone from the room.

In two minutes she was back again, with Moll bringing a little pail and some napkins.

"My name, lady, is Willful Brande, midshipman in the United States service," said the youth, who thought the time had come when politeness required him to announce himself.

"Oh! you are the Brande of the Headland. And, indeed, I saw a resemblance to Miss Barbara Brande," said Etoile, smiling.

"She is my only sister."

"I saw her only once; but I liked her very much; I am glad if I can be of service to her brother, for her sake," said the young girl.

"And not for his own?" was upon the lips of the youth to ask; but respect and delicacy restrained the question.

"I thank you on the part of my sister as well as of myself, young lady," he answered.

"*My* name is Etoile L'Orient," replied the maiden, blushing, she knew not why, under the eloquent look of gratitude he had raised to her face.

"I shall never forget that name in my prayers, sweet lady," said the youth.

And now with slightly tremulous fingers, having confined the last bandage around the wounded arm, she directed Moll to take her place beside the sick bed, and went out to prepare, with her own careful little hands, a delicate repast for the invalid.

It was noon before the sea had sufficiently subsided to make it safe for a boat to be sent to the main land. And thus it was night before old Doctor Crampton arrived. He was shown immediately to the room of the patient. Willful's hurt was a simple fracture, and the bone was easily set. The old physician praised the skill of the young nurse, but bade her go now and take care of herself.

As it was so late the doctor remained through the night, and until after breakfast the next morning. Then, while the boat was being prepared to take him to the main land, he paid, in company with his young hostess, a final visit to his patient, whom he found clear of febrile symptoms, and getting on very well.

And it was now that, with the physician seated on one side of the bed, and the young mistress of the house on the other, Willful Brande spoke of the circumstances of his shipwreck.

He informed his hearers that he had lately returned from the Mediterranean in the United States sloop-of-war Yorktown, now lying at the Norfolk navy-yard; that he had left his ship and taken passage on board the schooner Nautilus from Norfolk for Baltimore, where he was going to join his sister, who expected to sail from New York to meet him there by a certain date; but that in the storm of the preceding evening the doomed vessel had been, as they knew, wrecked.

"Were none but yourself saved?" inquired Etoile, mournfully.

"Young lady, I think it likely *all* were saved! I will tell you. As soon as it was seen that the vessel must go down, when it was known that the water was rushing into the hold faster than two men at the pumps could pump it out, the crew took to the boats. The captain, the mate, and myself remained the last upon the wreck. When we saw every one else in safety we prepared to follow them. But the boats were already full, and when those on board saw us about to enter, a question arose among them as to whether they could bear the additional burthen. It was decided that they should not risk the trial. And so they cut the ropes and deserted us. We were not willing, you may judge, to be thus left to death. We threw off our coats in an instant, and plunged into the sea to swim to the boats. It seemed our only chance. The captain and the mate, I hope, reached them in safety. For myself, I must have been struck by a portion of the wreck and stunned, for from the instant of my plunge I remember nothing more until I found myself on your hospitable Island, where I suppose a friendly wave, immediately after my fall, cast me."

"Ah! it was base in the crew and passengers to desert you and the brave officers. Still, I feel very much relieved to hear that the shipwreck was not near so disastrous as I had feared," said Etoile, with a sigh of satisfaction.

The boat was now reported ready, and the physician arose to take his leave. He declared his patient doing very well, left a few simple directions for his treatment, promised to call the next day, and so departed.

Willful Brande was ordered to lie quietly in bed for another day and night, to partake of only light food and cooling drinks, but was permitted to read or converse for pastime.

Now that it was ascertained that the patient was entirely free from danger of death, Etoile appointed Moll and Timon to wait upon him, while she, with an instinct of delicacy, absented herself from the sick room, or visited it only at stated times. But though absent, she occupied herself diligently in the service of the invalid, and provided for all his wants.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

NEGLECT OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

The common neglect of the present hour is shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly. Reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them; but surely nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

No life can be happy but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success. For this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry is seldom disappointed. He who endeavors to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has alloted to those hours that are spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy is as various as their temper, constitution, habits and circumstances. But in the labor itself, is the enjoyment; whether it be pursued to supply the necessaries or the conveniences of life; whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace. For when the palace is decorated and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers again employed to obtain it, with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less—than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation. For by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour is diffused through a week. And if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good can not be denied to be an accession of happiness.

OUR OPINIONS OF OURSELVES.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot, with equal justice, provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favor; but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labor, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances. If he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honor.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

PITY.

Pity has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves. We have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

GOOD NATURE.

In true Good Nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice. It is neither clamorous nor fretful; neither easy to be offended; nor impatient to revenge. It is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence can not atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If without it Wisdom is not kind; without it Folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated: "The quality most essential to conjugal felicity is Good Nature." And, surely, what ever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to see which sensation they will concur to produce.

A CAUSE OF DISCONTENT.

It is certain, that many of our miseries are merely comparative; we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification; and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial inquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

THE READY MAN.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose, in his elocution, what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations; of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

COURAGE, PROOF AGAINST RIDICULE.

Human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule. Though courage—as it is sometimes a proof of exalted virtue—is also frequently an indication of enormous vice. For if he who effects a good purpose at the risk of life, is allowed to have the strongest propensity to good, it must be granted that he who at the risk of life effects an evil purpose, has an equal propensity to evil. But as ridicule has not distinguished courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage.

RENUNCIATION.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

There is a dream—
A strange, bright vision that *will* to me come,
At morn, at noon, in the still twilight's gloom;
A radiant gleam
Of sweetest joy,
A thought of love most beautiful and bright!
A vision blessed of measureless delight
Which cannot cloy.

Silent and lone,
In this sealed heart is many a sacred spot
By the World's curious eyes profaned not;
And there is one
Where hidden fire
Burns with intense and still intenser flame
Fed, on the altar of a secret name,
By vain desire.

In vain! in vain!
With ceaseless wail, and ever deep'ning smart
Ring thro' the chambers of this darkened heart
These words of pain.
To me is given
No right of love—no hope of fond caress—
From him whose noble love my soul could bless
Like hope of Heaven.

Oh! heavy pain!
This heart hath been so worn, so pressed by grief,
So crushed, so torn, so hopeless of relief,
That *death* seemed *gain*.
But it is past,
The *strife*, the *crucifixion* now is o'er.
Thank God! *such* anguish I can know no more;
I rest at last!

Yea, rest content!
And yet I should rejoice to hear the call
To fold my hands and close mine eyes on all
My earth-life spent.
God knoweth best!
He knoweth well what life is meet for me,
Such as he willeth let my future be;
In Him I rest.

Oh! aid Thou me!
Be near me, oh! my God. I do but pray
That thou wouldst make me holier day by day,
More like to Thee.
And be *his* guide
Oh! let us meet at last *before thy throne*;
And let us both be *sealed as thine own*;
And there abide.

THE CROOKED RIB;

OR,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I am sorry to hear that Philip Gwinn is going to marry Mabel Tracy," said one of a group of young gentlemen who were gathered in the reading-room of the principal hotel of the village in which most of them had their home.

"Why are you sorry, Jansen?" asked one of them, in return. "Surely, Mr. Gwinn is a fine fellow,and there is not a prettier girl in all Lawndale than Mabel Tracy. I can't imagine what cause of sorrow you can have, unless you are one of her rejected lovers."

"Hush, Martin," said another, hastily, as Jansen moved away without reply. "Don't you know that Jansen was once Jane Tracy's accepted lover, before she jilted him for that ancient millionaire from Porkopolis; who, as plethoric both in purse and person as one of his own swine, contrived to overshadow the modest pretentions and dimensions of our friend yonder? He had the *entree* of the house for a long time, and knows the family well; while not even his great disappointment has ever led him to the utterance of a bitter word tinged with a shade of falsehood. Depend upon it, if he is sorry to hear of Mabel's approaching marriage with Gwinn, he has reason."

"Well," answered Martin, "I did not know of that broken engagement, or I would not have said what I did. It must have had its rise, progress and decline while I was away 'seeking my fortune' (in vain, I am sorry to say) in the South. Call Jansen back and I'll apologize, and then make him tell what the trouble may be with pretty Mabel."

"Jansen, come here," called out one of his friends. "Martin did not mean to hurt you, for he was away at the South at the time you were visiting at the Tracy's, and was in blissful ignorance of all the events of that period, until within the last five minutes."

"Indeed, I was," chimed in Martin, "so don't bear malice on account of my jest, there's a good fellow. But just sit down here, take one of these cigars, and then tell us what makes you so sorry for Philip Gwinn."

"I fear I can not tell you, Martin," said Jansen, as he accepted a cigar and a chair, at the same time. "I see they have been telling you of the affair about which I thought you meant to jest with me, and about which I have not learned to hear jests patiently. My relations with the Tracys were, of course, intimate at that period, and, if I was deluded by one member of the family, I certainly was perfectly clear-sighted as to the others. I used to please myself with the fancy of removing my pure and precious Jane from all contact with them, the moment I had the power. Old Tracy is a domestic tyrant of the most malignant type, hiding his tyrannies beneath a bland exterior—except when in the privacy of his own household. Mrs. Tracy has learned a slavish submission to his whims and caprices—when in his presence—and revenges herself for all her forced compliances by herself enacting the tyrant in his absence. The girls are what might be expected from such a stock, and under such circumstances. I am sorry for the man who marries either of them—particularly sorry for Philip Gwinn, with his poetic temperament and great refinement of feeling. He seeks a wife whom he can love, respect, reverence. He seeks a 'help meet,' he will find a 'crooked rib.'"

"Let us hope you may be mistaken, Jansen," replied Martin. "Love works wondrous transformations, and may cause Mabel Tracy to become as meek as she is pretty. I am inclined to believe that even if she be a bit of a shrew, he is still a lucky fellow. The dish of matrimony, especially after it becomes a little stale, will be none the worse for a modicum of spice. At least that is my private opinion, and gentle women don't please me at all. I like to be roused by opposition. I like to see the glowing cheek; the flashing eye; the rosy, clenched fingers; the decided stamp of a neat little foot of a pretty woman when she has worked herself into a rage, about a trifle, against somebody she loves. I like to see her try to keep back the tears when she begins to melt; and to watch how they finally extinguish the force of her anger; and her pretty penitence gives her a new beauty. For my part, I think Philip is to be envied, rather than pitied. What a piquant, exciting life he will lead!"

There was a general laugh as Martin concluded, in which all but Jansen joined. He had not quite cured himself of his passion for Jane Tracy, although he shuddered sometimes,as he thought of one or two displays of her temper which he had accidently witnessed. But he could not laugh at the picture Martin drew. He could see nothing to excite merriment in domestic discord; and he sincerely pitied his friend Philip for the fate to which he was hastening.

The group dispersed, and each turned homeward. It chanced that Jansen and Martin—whose road was the same—met Philip Gwinn and his betrothed sauntering slowly along the village street, in the direction of Colonel Tracy's residence. The radiance of the harvest moon was flooding the scene. Its waves of soft light seemed to gather about Philip's white brow, from which he had lifted his hat, that the summer breeze might play among his dark curls. His happy face was uplifted, all radiant with the joy reflected from his poet-soul—a deep, earnest joy it seemed—an intense fulness of satisfaction.

Mabel hung upon his arm, looking silently and lovingly up into his face. Her own wore a meek, gentle expression,—there was a softness of outline—a dewy light in the full, grey eyes—a quiet smile about the red lips unlike anything beheld in her changeful moods before love's influence had asserted itself. Jansen had seen such an expression upon her sister's countenance, when in the early days of his infatuation it had thus been raised to meet his glance. He uttered an involuntary exclamation as memories came rushing over him of that past that had been so bright, and that had been quenched in such darkness.

The lovers heard and turned. Martin and his friend were walking in the black shadows of the horse-chestnuts which shaded that quiet street, and neither Philip nor Mabel at first recognized either of them. And when they at length knew Jansen, a change came over the expression of both. Philip held out his hand with a joyful exclamation, while a beautiful smile glorified his pale face; but a frown gathered on Mabel's brow, and she turned from Jansen's greeting with an impatient gesture. The Tracys all hated Jansen, simply because they had injured him, hatred being a refuge mean minds take when flying from a sense of their wrong-doing towards others.

So Mabel now listened impatiently to the greetings of the friends, and showed her displeasure in a way that led Philip to break off his interview abruptly. Martin and Jansen lifted their hats to Mabel and passed on, and Philip drew her hand closer within his own, and looked down into her face, trying to read with pained gaze what he saw there. Jansen was a very dear friend—he had been absent from Lawndale for some months—and Philip was made glad by seeing him once more. He had flattered himself that Mabel already sympathized in all his feelings, that her heart being his, was to respond through life to his emotions, her face to reflect them. He had been very happy since he had known and loved her, and nothing until now had marred the silent sympathy which had grown up between them.

"What is it, Mabel?" he said, in those low tones which were wont to win him such precious glances from her eyes—"what is it, darling, are you not well?"

"Perfectly well," answered Mabel, and the frown that corrugated her white brow made her positively ugly, as she spoke in a harsh, constrained tone.

"But there is something—tell me what it is. Are you displeased with me?"

Mabel did not answer, but made a pettish movement to withdraw her arm from his. It was Philip's first experience in a lover's quarrel, and he took refuge in silence, also looking from time to time at the flushed, angry face which had been so beautiful but a few moments before.

At length they reached Colonel Tracy's door. Mabel drew her arm from his, sprang up the steps, and rang the bell violently. Before Philip could reach her side the servant had already opened the door, and Mabel had crossed the threshhold.

"I will not detain you, Mr. Gwinn," she said, suddenly turning to him. "I am very much fatigued, and wish to retire at once."

Philip looked at her for a moment in silence. The servant still lingered—as if waiting to close the door, and evidently enjoying the scene—and Philip drew Mabel into the darkened parlor at the side—he drew her to the window where the moon looked through the dewy vine-leaves, she resisting faintly all the time.

"I cannot go, Mabel, until you tell me why you are angry," he said. "Tell me, darling, how I have offended you."

His gentle tones melted Mabel's anger. But she would not yield too readily, so she answered:

"I can readily tell you why I am angry, Mr. Gwinn. You must know that Mr. Jansen is no longer my friend. He behaved shamefully at the time of Jane's marriage, and was determined to insist upon the fulfilment of some childish promises she had made to him. Papa requested him not to visit her any more—in short—ordered him from the house because he annoyed Jane, and threatened to tell Mr. Wilson of her engagement to him. Since that time, none of us have been on speaking terms with him."

"And you are angry because I spoke to him tonight, Mabel; do you know that Jansen is my dearest friend in all the world, beside yourself? Do you wish me to give up his friendship; to deprive myself of that which, until I knew you, made me happier than aught else?"

"I wish to know if you love me as well as Jansen, or if he is still to be preferred before me."

"Mabel, Mabel, you are cruel. Do you not know that no one can be preferred before you? For Jansen I have a man's friendship—for you a man's love,—think you there is no difference in the two feelings? Oh! my darling, you know there is. But they need not become discordant. Mabel, I hoped that all our loves would blend together. I am quite prepared to take your friendships to my heart—have you no sympathy with mine?"

"I was prepared to give up all for you, Mr. Gwinn. Perhaps I was wrong in expecting a proportionate sacrifice from you."

"Mr. Gwinn! Why do you call me thus? Why speak of sacrifices? I wish to make you happy, Mabel,—have I exacted sacrifices?"

"Perhaps not exacted them, but you knew I must make them; and like all men you are unwilling to make any in return."

"Mabel—shall I give up the cherished friend of my youth and manhood? Do you demand that?"

His tone was so mournful that Mabel could resist no longer. She threw herself into his arms, and, amid sobs and kisses, begged him to forget her harsh, unwomanly words; begged him only to be happy; begged him to forgive all, and to love her still. And he forgave—as lovers will—and lingered long in speaking hopeful words in low tones, till the sweet, trustful look came back to Mabel's pretty face, and the angry woman had softened into the gentle, loving girl. It was late when they parted, and he went out into the moonlight which shone down so cold and still upon the now deserted streets. He missed something as he went forth again,—he missed the warmth and freshness of his love. Mabel's causeless anger—now all forgiven—and which he strove to forget, had chilled the fair blossoms of his heart.

Jansen was waiting at his room to see him. They greeted each other with warmth and affection, but a barrier, intangible yet strong, had risen up between their hearts. Once they had been one in sympathy, in thought, and in purpose; now there was much in either heart that could not be shared. There was a new and strange constraint in their conversation, and presently Jansen rose up to leave. He grasped his friend's hand.

"Philip, you will believe me when I say, simply, that I hope for your happiness. I must not say more."

"I thank you for that, Jansen. I expect to be happy. Perhaps you believe that Mabel has the faults which marred Jane's character. But she is so young, and so loving that she will lose them."

"Heaven grant it, my friend," said Jansen. "But she does not like me—the Tracy's are all my enemies—and I foresee that our friendship will be the earliest sacrifice demanded by their pride. I will save your generous heart all further struggles by withdrawing from you now. If Mabel is to be your wife, she must be first in your thoughts and regards."

"Jansen, you are unkind! I do not recognize my friend's heart in these bitter words."

"I have tried to make them not bitter, and they must be, Philip. I saw the frown—the Tracy frown, that I know so well, gather on Mabel's face as we spoke together to-night. I will not come between you and your wife, Philip Gwinn, whom I trust you may teach lessons of gentleness and womanly trust, by your own beautiful life. It is better for us to say farewell now. Friends we must always be; but let us meet no more."

But Philip would not be convinced. He believed that Mabel was already ashamed of her foolish anger, and that, as his wife, she could learn for his sake to value his friend. By his persuasions he induced him to yield to his wish, and to promise to accompany him to the altar.

Jansen's promise was given against his better judgment. He desired to add to his friend's happiness, and there was no tinge of selfishness in his nature. Had he known how Mabel received Philip's announcement that he was to be one of his attendants, he would have withdrawn at all hazards—would have absented himself from the village, but Philip could not mention Mabel's angry and contemptuous nods, and he remained in ignorance.

They were married, they departed upon the bridal tour, from which Jansen excused himself; they returned and took possession of the pretty cottage—a fit home for a poet—which awaited them. Jansen was the first guest invited to their board. He went, not without many misgivings. Philip alone welcomed him, and Jansen was pained to see the unnatural constraint, the restless manner that betokened some inward disgust. When Mabel entered he was at no loss to guess its meaning. She bowed coolly, unmindful of his extended hand, and seated herself at a distance, joining in the conversation only in monosyllables, and in answer to direct questions. A visible constraint, and at length silence fell upon the party, which was broken, welcomely, by the announcement of dinner. The meal was excellently arranged, but the frowns of the hostess almost prevented Jansen from acknowledging it. When they returned to the parlor, she excused herself on the ground of a slight headache, and saying that she presumed the gentlemen had many topics of conversation in which she could not be expected to take interest, she withdrew to her own apartment.

The two friends looked at each other when she had gone—both were sad, but Jansen seemed a little triumphant.

"I was right, Philip," he said. "You now acknowledge it; but let me withdraw now, and do not urge me to come here again. Your own happiness lies in the direction of my judgment. I will not come between you—not because I have been contemptuously treated, but because you will be happier if you never see me again."

Philip was silent, because he could not deny the truth of Jansen's words. The friends shook hands, they looked in each other's eyes, and read their unchanging affection and reverence for each other's goodness. They parted, and both knew it was forever.

This was Philip Gwinn's first sacrifice to his wife's caprices, but it was by no means the last. He loved her tenderly; he earnestly desired to make her happy, and he yielded continually, more and more. Very soon she learned that a slight frown, a little higher pitch of her musical voice would enforce submission to any wish, however capricious; and, rejoicing in her power, she seldom failed to exert it. In a few years she had degenerated into a household tyrant. The frown that seldom left her brow wore channels there, and at length fixed itself permanently. Her voice lost its melody, and its sharp querulous tones continually rung through the house. The husband found no peace save in his little study, and even there, while he was pouring forth the poetry of his soul in verse that reached the hearts and homes of his countrymen with words of beauty and power, of peace and faith, those shrill tones would penetrate, rousing him from heavenly trances of poetic inspiration, and dragging him back, painfully and shudderingly, to the domestic hell in which he was compelled to exist.

Children were growing up in the home of discord—children who learned, even in the infancy that should have been happy, to shrink from the mother's voice and hand—children who worshipped the father as much as they feared and despised the mother. But two of these reached maturity—a son, who was gaining honors at a famed institution of learning—a daughter, with the mild, poetic temperament of her father, who had bent like a reed before domestic storms, and risen with all its elasticity when they were past. Her spirit was not broken, as had been those of some of her brothers and sisters, to whom even the grave had seemed preferable to life, while in the midst of their youth.

Philip, prematurely aged and worn by sorrow, died when this daughter had reached eighteen—he died upon the day that witnessed her marriage. Against this marriage Mrs. Gwinn had set the whole force of her will. She had long worn the title bestowed prophetically by Jansen—"the crooked rib," and never had she more deserved it than at this period. Philip and his daughter had triumphed for once, but the triumph was dearly won. In her ungovernable anger on that wedding morning she had exceeded all former bounds. What passed none knew, but a torrent of fierce words were heard through the closed door of Philip Gwinn's study, then a heavy fall, followed by piercing shrieks.

The attendants rushed in—Philip had fallen in a fit while his wife, recalled to something of her former womanly nature, bent over him in grief piteous to behold. Before night he was dead.

For a time Mabel seemed awed and saddened into gentleness, but the old habits soon resumed their sway. She had none but servants upon whom to exercise her tyrannies, and she found it difficult to procure those who would submit. So under the pretence of loneliness she closed her house and went away to live in the city.

She established herself there at a fashionable boarding-house, where she was soon known as a rich widow.

The old proverb tells us that, "what has happened may happen again." Rich widows attract adventurers, and honest men also. Mrs. Gwinn attracted one of the former class—a handsome, well-preserved man of fifty, with hair and whiskers of glossy blackness, and teeth that emulated pearls just such as may be bought at any time. He wooed and won the rich widow, and she returned with him to Lawndale, to the house yet filled with memorials to her dead husband, and the little ones whom she had driven from a mother's warm bosom to the grave.

Mr. Priestly was very unlike Philip Gwinn, and it took Mabel no long time to discover the fact. She tried to exert her old habits of supremacy, she endeavored to resume her sway as autocrat of the domestic dominion and utterly failed.

At first, Mr. Priestly looked on with a quiet amusement, at the antics of her anger; at first he stopped his ears, with a contemptuous smile, when her tones became shrill; but he soon assumed his authority as head of the household. He determined to make the domestic routine smooth, if possible to make straight his "crooked rib." There was collision between the high powers, and Mabel shrunk in amazement, but gathered strength for the combat.

Successive trials of their strength but enraged her, while his coolness was imperturbable, and his will was executed in the face of all her opposition. At length he informed her, as if it were the merest piece of gossip, that he had invited several of his friends from the city for a summer sojourn at the cottage. Her rage broke forth unrestrained—he had invited guests to *her* home without consulting her, and it was an insult, an assumption not to be endured. High words—words of fearful import passed, the servants fled from the room in affright, but stood without listening with pallid cheeks as Mrs. Priestly vented her rage in smashing a costly dinner-service which Mr. Priestly had that day sent home. At length there was silence—and then Mr. Priestly, with his usual coolness of manner, came out.

"Go in and see to your mistress," he said, to the maid whom he encountered in the passage.

Mrs. Priestly sat at the head of the table. Fragments of the splendid china lay all around her. The room was exquisitely fitted up—elegant furniture, rare pictures, a rich carpet, glistening plate and crystal were there, and in the midst sat the mistress of all, pallid, collapsed, nerveless, with eyes staring at vacancy, with hands falling helplessly downward.

She looked up when her maid entered.

"Take me to my room, Lettie," she said, in a strangely altered tone.

Leaning on her maid's arm she went silently; she submitted, in the same strange stillness, to be undressed and laid in her bed, but refused all medicaments, all other aid. The next morning she rose, as usual, and commenced preparations for the expected guests, quietly, and with many a fearful glance towards the study where Mr. Priestly sat smiling to himself, or to the paper he held, at the unusual quiet of the house.

There was a change from that hour. Mrs. Priestly had evidently abdicated the domestic throne, and Mr. Priestly reigned supreme. All, except Mrs. Priestly, liked the change; the visitors wondered at her subdued manner, and the servants expressed their delight and curiosity in unmistakeable words when gathered in kitchen conclave.

There was no quieter home in Lawndale; the shrew had been tamed—the crooked rib made straight, and the transformation had been worked by a dozen words.

"You are insane, madam," Mr. Priestly had said; "let me but see another of these excesses of insane fury and you shall don the straight jacket and bracelets I have in this package," displaying the coarse garment, and iron manacles, "and be removed at once to an asylum. As true as there is a God in Heaven, what I say shall be done."

She looked up into his face, and read her inescapable doom.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

Bozaldab, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions by conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighboring mountain; he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he said, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress—a vale of vanity and wo. I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile—"Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure; it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a sight to any ship that might happily approach the island.

"Inhabitant of Heaven," cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the Angel, "and observe."

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practiced?" exclaimed Bozaldab. "Look again," said the Angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishest the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors, wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than an houri.

"Gracious Alla! it is my son," cried the Caliph. "Oh, let me hold him to my heart!"

"Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel; "I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth."

"And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?"

"Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth Heaven.

Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The place so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after, he perceived the favorite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has, by the angel of death, snatched from guilt! from whom the power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab. "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

"Cast away the dagger," replied the Heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend anything among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commanded to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as utterly incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyrean; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Young women, and particularly those brought up in luxury and indolence, are too apt to consider domestic concerns beneath their notice. This is a great mistake. Women should from their infancy be accustomed to have the direction of some department in their father's house; they should keep the accounts, learn to purchase the various articles used in housekeeping, and know how each may be employed to most advantage: meanwhile care must be taken that economy degenerate not into avarice, explain the folly of this passion, remind them that it increases with age, that it is very disgraceful, and that a prudent woman should only endeavor by a frugal and diligent life to avoid the shame attached to prodigality and extravagance.

It is necessary to curtail all useless expenses in order to be more liberal in acts of benevolence, charity, and friendship. Frequently that which costs most at first, is ultimately cheapest, and it is a general good management, not a mean parsimony, that is truly profitable. Do not fail to represent the folly of those women, who eagerly save a wax-candle, while they suffer themselves to be cheated in objects of importance.

Teach your daughters to pay great attention to neatness and regularity, and accustom them not to suffer anything dirty or slatternly about their persons or in their houses. Tell them nothing contributes so much to economy as keeping everything in its proper place: this rule, though apparently trifling, is highly important, and should be strictly observed. When your daughters first begin to attend domestic concerns, let them commit some errors, as it is well to sacrifice something to improvement; point out what they should have done to avoid these inconveniences, and teach them what you have yourself learned by experience. Be not afraid to tell them of similar mistakes you committed while young, for by these means you will inspire them with confidence in themselves, and without which they will never do anything well.

SICK, AND FROM HOME.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Mother! Mother! through the bleakness
  Of this absence, I can see
Thy sweet face all tears and meekness
  For the one who used to be
Near thee ever, early, late,
Comforter through every fate.

From my listless hand the flowers,
  Withered, fall unto my feet,
As I sit thro' the dim hours
  Vainly striving to repeat
All the words I heard thee say—
Last words—on that parting day!

Flowers! Ye are not of *her* giving
  If your splendor fade so soon!
That day all your bloom was living,
  And I only saw the moon
Yestreen, like a sickle bent—
It was waning when I went.

As a little babe that lieth
  In a shroud, my poor heart lies,
While the out-door wind that crieth
  Makes unrhyming lullabys;
Sleep, my heart! sleep on, aweary
Waking is, and bleak, and dreary!

Evermore I hear the flowing
  Of wild waves I cannot see,
And I say—be this foreshowing
  Of a colder flood to be,
I shall sweetly lie at rest
If my head be on *her* breast!

Shall I feel her kisses, never,
  Dewy, on my forehead pale?
Nigher moans the mystic river,
  And my spirit with a wail,
Answers—who shall hold and cheer me
If *her* sweetness be not near me?

Withered flowers, there comes no morrow
  To this long, long night of mine!
Never any pain, or sorrow
  That can touch my calm divine!
Pale hands on a shrouded breast—
So the sleepers take their rest!

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ALMOST A DUEL;

OR,

THE JEALOUS TAILORS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

Jared Milliken was the tailor of Blytown. He was a young man, but an excellent tailor. The people liked his fits, and his custom was on the increase. Jared sat upon his board all alone, with part of a coat upon his knees, and his thimble upon his finger; but Jared was not at work. His head drooped, and his bosom heaved. Ever and anon a low sigh would escape him, and his hand would be pressed upon his heart. Ah, Jared was in love. He was deeply, passionately in love. But he was not unhappy. No, no—far from it. The charming girl had promised to be his; or, at least, he looked upon it as a promise. He had talked to her of love, and she had smiled, and spoken of love in return. And then he had tasted the nectar of her sweet lips. Yes, he had kissed her a hundred times, and she had kissed him in return.

So Jared Milliken was very happy. If he sighed, it was for love; and if he had a wish unfulfilled, it was that he were already married.

Thus Jared sat, when the door was thrown unceremoniously open, and a man entered. He was a small-sized man, but yet a man. And as for that matter, Jared was small-sized, too.

"How d'ye do?" said the new comer.

"Eh, Jerry, is it you?" cried Jared, throwing aside the part of a coat over which he had been sighing.

"Yes—it's me."

"Why, Jerry Hopkins! I'm glad to see ye."

"And I'm glad to see Jared Milliken," returned Jerry Hopkins.

Now, Jerry Hopkins was a tailor, too. He was the tailor of Bimtown. Bimtown was only fifteen miles away, and a stage ran from Blytown to Bimtown twice a week.

"How's business?" asked Jerry.

"Pretty good," returned Jared. "How is it with you?"

"Never was better. But what has happened? I thought you looked kind o' glum, when I came in."

"Glum! Pooh!"

"Oh! I didn't know but your business was slack."

"Never was better in the world."

"I'm glad of it."

"What's the news?"

"Oh, nothing strange. I'm the newest thing there is out."

Jared looked at his visitor, and there was a cast of pity in his countenance. For some time, the conversation turned upon matters of business, until, finally, there came a silence, which was at length broken by Jared's asking—

"What brought ye up into this section?"

"Ah," said Jerry, with a dubious shake of the head, "you'll laugh at me."

"Laugh? No I shan't laugh. What was it?"

"It was a female."

"Aha-aha—ha, ha, ha," laughed Jared. "Aha, ha, ha—you've been and did it, Jerry. Oho, aha—why—Jerry Hopkins—you've been and followed me."

"You said you wouldn't laugh, you, Jared Milliken."

"But I couldn't help it, Jerry. You've been and followed me. Aha, ha, ha! You've done well! But say—who is she, Jerry?"

"You must know her, Jared. She belongs here. But she's a beauty. Oh," pursued Jerry Hopkins, "she is a treasure! Short, fat, rosy; dimpled cheeks and chin; blue eyes; golden hair; teeth like pearls; skin all rose and lily; laughs like an angel; and is as happy as the days are long!"

Jared Milliken looked very much surprised. His visitor had described his own charmer to a point. *His* angel was exactly like the one Jerry had so glowingly pictured.

"What d'ye think of her?" asked Jerry.

"Why—she must be—a—just the mate for ye. But what's her name?"

"Aha—that's telling. But you must know her."

"Never mind. Tell me her name."

"Well, her name is Lizzie Pingleton."

Jared Milliken turned pale as death. It was the name of his own angel!

"Why, what's the matter, Jared?" asked Jerry, in astonishment.

"It's—a—it's only a touch of the cholic. I have it awful. Oh! O! Oh-a-o-o! I shall be better soon!"

"Well—I'll see you again. I'm in a hurry, now. I haven't called at Mrs. Pingleton's yet. How is the old lady?"

"*I don't know!*" thundered Jared in fury.

"My eyes! Why, you're terrible, Jared."

"It's the cholic, I tell ye. I shall be better, as soon as I am alone."

Jerry Hopkins waited to hear no more, and telling his friend that he would call in again on the morrow, he took his leave.

As soon as the door was closed, Jared leaped to his feet, and clasped his hands above his head, throwing himself into just the position which Ajax assumed when he defied the lightning.

"Ye gods!" he cried, with tragic power. "And has it come to this? Must I see my beloved caught away by *such* a thing? Shall a miserable tailor of Bimtown steal from me my love? Shall Bimtown send forth a curse upon me? No! never! Bimtown may keep its tailor, but it shall not recieve among its wives the idol of *my* soul! Never! never! *He* love Lizzie Pingleton! *He*, the *Bimtown Tailor!* By the powers of earth, of air and of water, and by the spirits of darkness, too. I swear, that Bimtown's tailor shall not leave this land alive, if he thinks to wrest from me the hand of my adored one! Hear me, ye winged winds, for I swear it! Death! death before dishonor!"

Jared looked out upon the green earth, and he saw that the sun was almost down. He put away his goose, and then put on his cravat and coat. After this, he composed the raging tempest that worked in his soul, as well as he could, and then walked forth. He turned his steps now in his misery, as he had so many times turned them in his seasons of hope and promise. He walked towards the house where lived his charmer and her widowed mother. Could it be possible that charmer was faithless? Wait.

Jared reached the house, and he turned his gaze up to the old piazza. There, upon the long settee, sat the Bimtown tailor, and by his side sat—yes—it was! It was Lizzie Pingleton! Oh! what a blow! Jared looked—he looked long and eagerly. He saw the whole scene! The faithless charmer rested her head on the Bimtown tailor's bosom, and the Bimtown tailor's arm was about the faithless charmer's waist. Then the Bimtown tailor kissed the faithless charmer, and the faithless charmer kissed the Bimtown tailor. Aye! a sweet, loving kiss! Jared saw it all, and then he turned away.

On—on—on—walked Jared Milliken; his brain on fire, and his soul in a tempest! On—on—on, to the bank of the Blytown River! The dark tide rolled sullenly on, for the sun was down, and deep shadows fell aslant the cool waters. Jared placed his hat upon the sand, and then removed his coat. His cravat was taken off, and as he laid aside his vest, the cool breeze of evening struck his heated bosom. He stopped and meditated.

"Shall I sleep to-night within the embrace of yon dark tide? No. I'll see *her!* I'll see and speak with her. She shall know what fury she has stirred to life within this soul, ere I bid adieu to earthly life!"

With this decision, Jared Milliken walked back to his shop. He did not go to his boarding-place, for he could not eat. He sat within his shop till the moon arose. Then he went down, and just as he reached the side-walk, a man passed. It was Jerry Hopkins! Jared's fists were clenched, and his teeth were set. But he restrained himself. He did not annihilate the Bimtown tailor then.

"I'll to the presence of the faithless one!" he muttered; and with quick steps, he hastened away.

He reached the gate that opened to the widow's yard, and there he hesitated. But why should he fear? He had been deeply wronged. He ascended to the piazza, and knocked at the door. Lizzie herself answered the summons.

"Why, Jared, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. Come—ain't you coming in? I'm all alone."

Jared was puzzled.—Could Lizzie be a hyprocrite? Could she be so kind to him with the Bimtown tailor's kisses fresh upon her lips? He walked in and took a seat.

"Miss Pingleton," he said, choking some, but gaining courage as he proceeded, "Jerry Hopkins is in town. Perhaps you know Jerry Hopkins?"

"I have heard of him," returned Lizzie, in surprise; and I have seen him a few times."

"You have seen him to-day, Liz—a—Miss Pingleton. You have seen him to-day."

"Well, *Mr.* Milliken, what of it?"

"What of it? Can you ask *me* what *of* it? I passed here just as the sun was sinking to rest. I passed here—and I saw a sight that made my heart ache."

"What did you see?"

"Do you not know what I saw?"

"Surely not."

"Then, I'll tell you. Listen: I saw Jerry Hopkins upon your piazza—a female was by his side—her head upon his bosom—his arm about her waist—they were talking of love—he kissed her upon the lips, and she—*she*—returned the kisses! Oh! do you ask me *now* what I saw? Oh! what a blow! Where now is your faith?—where your honor? Oh! Lizzie—wretch! vixen! deceiver! breaker of my heart!"

Lizzie Pingleton smiled, and turned away her head, and it was some moments ere she dared trust herself to speak. But finally she said, in a penitent tone,—

"Jared—my *dear* Jared—I am sorry you have suffered. I did not mean to wrong you—indeed I did not. Pardon me this time."

"Then you don't love Jerry Hopkins? You don't care for the Bimtown tailor?"

"No—indeed I do not."

"And you won't kiss him again?"

"I won't if I can help it—but——"

"But what, Lizzie?"

"If he should ask me some time. He might bother me, and I couldn't help it."

"What! Does he force himself upon you? Does he annoy you!"

"I fear he will."

"Leave him to me!" cried Jared, starting to his feet. "I'll settle his hash! By the total sum of never-ending Jerusalem! I'll annihilate him! Bimtown's tailor shall be among the things that were, but ain't now!"

Lizzie thanked Jared for his magnanimous pledge, and then they went on to the subject of love—she avoiding the other subject.

At nine o'clock Jared arose to depart. Lizzie accompanied him to the gate, where they stood and talked awhile longer. The moon was shining brightly, and Jared urged his charmer to go and walk with him a little way. He put his arm about her, and, drawing her upon his bosom, he gave her a smart kiss. The sharp report had just broken upon the air when Jared started at the sound of a step close by, and upon looking up, whom should he see but the Bimtown tailor!

"Lizzie!" gasped Jerry Hopkins in a frightened tone.

"Go away, Mr. Hopkins. Go away sir," she said, promptly.

"Aye—go away, sir; and on the morrow I will see you sir!" pronounced Jared, deeply and threateningly.

"Do go away, Mr. Hopkins," added Lizzie.

The poor Bimtown tailor gave one more earnest gaze into Lizzie's face, as though he would assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then he turned away, and was soon lost amidst the distant foliage.

Lizzie evaded all her lover's questions, only giving him such answers as he could make nothing of; but when she consented to walk a short distance he forgot all his jealousy.

On the following morning, Jared Milliken arose early. He slept in his shop, so he was ready for visitors at an early hour.

"I think the Bimtown tailor is a coward." he said, to himself. "I think the very sight of a pistol would start him right out of his boots."

Jared resolved to act upon this idea. He never once thought that Hopkins might cherish the same thought. He had a pair of pistols—an enormous pair—a pair he had taken for a bad debt. He once made a full suit for Mr. Slashaway Slambang, and those pistols were all he ever got for pay. He brought them forth from an old chest, but the sight of them did not terify him, as he knew they were not loaded. He tied a sash around his waist, and having stuck the huge weapons beneath it, he pulledhis hair down so as to give his face a strange look, and then crushing on his hat, he started forth.

Jared Milliken strode across the village green, and was passing into the street, when he came plump against Jerry Hopkins. The two tailors recognized each other simultaneously, and at the same moment each gave a frightened start backwards.

Jared's two great pistols looked fierce enough; but not a whit more so than did the two enormous cutlasses which Hopkins wore suspended upon one belt.

"*Take care!*" gasped he of Bimtown, drawing a cutlass with a quaking hand.

"Ah—a—a—*Look out!*" burst from the pale lips of him of Blytown, at the same time managing to get out a pistol from his sash.

"W-w-w-ha-hat you want?" stammered Jerry Hopkins, retreating a step, and holding the ponderous cutlasses up before him.

"I—I—a—a—want to talk—to ye."

"Then put up your pistol."

"I will if ye'll put up your sword."

The weapons were put up, and both men breathed more freely.

"Now, what ye got to say?"

"I want to know what for ye plague my girl."

"Who d'ye call your girl?"

"Lizzie Pingleton."

"She's my girl."

"*Your* girl? She is *mine!* She's my promised wife," persisted he of Bimtown, with snapping eyes.

"Did you see a girl with me last night?" asked Jared.

"Yes. I see *my* girl with ye. And I seed ye kiss her!"

"And I seed you kiss her yesterday afternoon. You was a standin' on my piazza."

"Sartin I was: and don't that prove that she's my girl?"

"No. It proves that you was a tryin' to get away *my* girl."

"*Your* girl! D'ye s'pose Lizzie Pingleton 'd have any thing to do with you? She knows better'n that."

Jared couldn't stand this. He drew a pistol, and took a step forward. Jerry Hopkins whipped out a cutlass, and Jared took a step back.

"You dares'n't go right down to the widder's now," cried he of Bimtown, starting forward under the force of the thought.

"Yes, I dare it," returned Jared, leaping back under the fear that the other's sudden advance meant mischief.

"Then come on. By the piper's cone, we'll have this hash settled! I'll know what's what. I know she kissed ye last night, for I seed her; but that was only to wool ye. Lizzie Pingleton knows too much. Come on!"

And away they went. Both were confident, and both were very wroth. With steps as long as two such little men could take they strode on, Jared's pistols dragging wearily upon him, while the steel scabbards of Jerry's two cutlasses clanged together with a ring that sounded far and wide.

At length they reached the widow's cot. They approached, and both knocked in concert. Lizzie came to the door.

"Ah—good morning, gentlemen. Walk in. Will you have—have—Aha! ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-e-e-——"

And again the bright-eyed girl laughed till she was faint."

"Miss Pingleton," spoke he of Bimtown, "may I ask the meaning of this?"

"No, no,—you mustn't ask me anything," she replied; and then turning towards the hall, she cried out, in a loud, merry tone,—

"Lizzie! Lizzie!"

"What?" came from a distant apartment.

"Here—come and take care of your tailor!—Come quick! He's got deadly weapons with him, and looks savage as a meat-axe!"

In a few moments more light feet were heard pattering upon the floor, and soon a second girl made her appearance. But who was she? A ghost? Surely she must have been. She was a ghost, or she was a Lizzie Pingleton. Jerry looked, and Jared looked. There stood Lizzie—and *there* stood Lizzie. They were two, and yet they seemed but one. Which was which?

"Which is yours, Jared?" asked one of them, smiling.

Poor Jared looked first upon one, and then upon the other, and gradually the truth burst upon him. He knew that Lizzie had a sister, but he did not know that she was a *twin* sister, he never having seen her before. But he began to detect a difference.

"You are mine," he said, holding out his hand to the one who had answered their summons.

"Yes, Jared—yours truly and forever," she replied, giving him her hand.

"And you are mine," cried Jerry Hopkins, turning to the other sister.

"Yes—I'll be as true to you as my sister can be to Jared," she said, allowing him to draw her upon his bosom.

Ere long the enigma was solved. Eliza and Elizabeth Pingleton were twins, and so near alike were they in form, in size, in feature, and in voice, that their most intimate friends were often at fault when the sisters were apart.

Some years before Eliza had gone to Bimtown, to work in a relative's family there; and there Mr. Hopkins had wooed and won her.

Jared had often heard his Lizzie speak of her sister Eliza, but he had never seen her before, he having been in Blytown only a few years. The people with whom Eliza lived liked the name of Lizzie, so they had called her thus; and thus she was called in Bimtown.

And poor Hopkins had been as ignorant as had Milliken. He had followed Eliza from Bimtown, according to arrangement with her, and when he called upon her first at her mother's house, her sister was out, so he did not then see her. He sat upon the piazza with his own charmer, and thus Jared had seen him. Later in the evening, when Elizabeth came home, Eliza went out; so Jared saw *his* own charmer, and she, wicked girl that she was, saw his error, and resolved upon sport.

But all was joy now. The two tailors cast aside their engines of death, and shook hands with a right good will. When another summer came, he of Bimtown visited Blytown again; and this time there were great doings at the widow's cot. The minister came and performed the part assigned him.

And then Jerry Hopkins, Tailor of Bimtown, introduced to Jared Milliken, Tailor of Blytown, Mrs. Jerry Hopkins. And after this Jared went through the same operation.

"Jared," said Lizzie—his *own* Lizzie—after she had been introduced as Mrs. Jared Milliken, "Hopkins wants to kiss me."

"Let him do it," cried Jared, in high glee. "I've kissed *his* wife."

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLERICUS.—You are evidently mistaken. Although the terms *mind* and *soul* are often used indiscriminately to designate that part of human nature which is distinct from matter, they are far from being considered or used as synonymous either by the learned or the uncultivated. The *soul* is considered as the quickening or vital principle and the subtilest of conceivable objects, while *mind* is conceived of as that sort of power which is closely allied to, and in a great measure dependant upon, corporeal organization. The *soul* is the immortal, and the *mind* the mortal part of us; the former connects us with angels, the latter with brutes. No intelligent person is responsible for the erroneous use to which both of these terms are subjected; nor does their metaphorical use change or in any manner affect their primal significations. When a man says he was "put in *mind*" of a thing, he means that the matter was recalled to his *memory*; when he says he was "of the same *mind*" with his neighbor, he means that he was of the same *opinion*, &c, &c. Such phrases are authorized by the best usage; but, still, the quintessential meaning of the words remains unchanged.

GYMNASIUM.—It would be far better to let your children spend two hours in exhilerating and invigorating play and exercise, and four hours a day in study, than to confine them in school six hours a day and allow them no opportunity for recreation. Children play and work too little, and study too much, in these days. It is well enough to develope a good intellect on a child's shoulders, if, at the same time, you secure it a good body, heart and soul. Of the four, the intellect is of the least importance. Men of the most stupendous intellects have been among the worst and the miserablest of human beings.

A YOUNG MOTHER wishes us to suggest a pretty name for har babe—(a girl)—beginning with I, U, or Z. Our correspondent could not have given us a more limited range of three letters, or one that furnishes a less number of "*pretty* names." The *Is* give only Ida, Imogene, Isabel, Isabella and Isidore; the *Us* Ulrica, Urania and Ursula; the *Zs* Zenobia, Zelica and Zulema. As a general thing, the shortest and simplest names are the best, and wear the longest. One soon gets tired of a fanciful or pretentious name, whereas an honest, simple and euphonious one sounds better and better while life lasts.

XANTIPPE.—We are astonished that any decent woman should take pride in her shrewishness. Your husband should tame you or discard you. A termagant is a monster of such hideous mien, that to be run away from she needs but to be seen in one of her tantrums. We do not wonder that your husband wishes to send his children away from home to be brought up and educated. He has a right to do so, and he should exercise it. We can give you neither assistance nor consolation.

A SCHOOLBOY.—Obedience to the authority of your parents and teachers should be a matter of pride, as well as of conscience with you. Obedience to proper authority is never degrading; on the contrary, it is ennobling. It is one of the chief distinctions between civilized and savage beings—between decent and indecent people. A rowdy is one of the most disgusting objects in the universe.

EUDOSIA.—Webster's Dictionaries are the best works of the kind now in use. Webster is the standard in orthography of the majority of scholars in this country, and of the people generally; and as a *definer of words* he stands unrivalled in England as well as in America.

NIOBE.—You can learn all about the heroes, heroines, gods and goddesses, statesmen and philosophers, of antiquity by consulting a classical dictionary.

STUDENT.—The verbal distinctions in the English language are numerous and perplexing, but they may all be reduced to six classes, namely: 1. *Words differently spelled and defined, but pronounced exactly alike*, as ail, ale; ait, ate, eight, &c. 2. *Words differently spelled and defined, but pronounced nearly alike*, as able, Abel; depravation, deprivation; emanant, eminent; idle, idol, idyl, &c. 3. *Words spelled alike, but differently pronounced and defined*, as lives (plural of life), lives (third person singular of the present indicative of the verb to live); abuse, abuse (abuze); tear (water from the eye), tear (a rent—to pull in pieces), &c. 4. *Words spelled and pronounced exactly alike, but differing widely in signification*, as arms—the plural of arm, a limb; arms—weapons of war; arms—armorial ensigns; order—method; order—a command; order—the badge of a society distinguished by some mark of honor, &c. 5. *Words of similar orthography, but of which the part of speech is changed by change of accent*, as *ab*sent, not present; ab*sent*, to withdraw; *con*flict, a violent opposition, struggle, agony; con*flict*, to struggle, to fight, to contest; *reb*el, re*bel*, &c. 6. *Words accented on the same syllable, but whose orthography and pronunciation are changed by a change of the part of speech*, as loose, unbound; wanton—or, as a verb, to untie, to relax, to set free; and lose (looze) to forfeit, to suffer loss; wife, wive, &c., &c. By fixing these various classes, with a few samples of each thoroughly in your memory, you will soon be able to familiarize yourself with these verbal distinctions so as to overcome all the perplexities they now occasion you.

JAMES B. L.—You are altogether mistaken in supposing that "literary people are the greatest and best class in the community," whether you confine your remark to this or any other country. Some "literary people" are persons of ability and much worth; but the greater part of them are no better than the rest of mankind; and many are quite despicable. According to the testimony of the past, most great geniuses have been also great nuisances—thriftless, licentious, and dishonest. Even in intellect, the literary class is not the superior or predominant one. Many a merchant, or bookseller, or artisan, is superior in intellectual power to four-fifths of the authors of his time. And so far as *practical wisdom* is concerned, which is the highest and best attribute of man, the *literateurs* are wofully inferior to other classes.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.—The field of literature is open to you, as it is to all. You can try your skill and talent in it; if you succeed, you will win gold and reputation; if you fail, you will meet with neither charity nor sympathy. We do not wish to engage you, nor can we recommend you to a publisher who will be apt to issue your works. You can only keep trying, however; every body has a right to do that. The history of the lady whose signature you have assumed, says all that can be said in regard to this subject, and utters it with an emphasis that is audible to every reader.

DEUTERONOMY DUTIFUL.—Decidedly not. You are crazy to imagine such a thing. We would not let you have the LEDGER at $1 25 a year, should you take ten million, or any other number of copies. We will not vary from our published rates, for any reason or on any terms. The LEDGER is worth $3 a year; and should we charge that sum for it, no doubt its circulation would continue to be larger than that of any other paper in America. But as we can afford to furnish it at our present rates, we shall continue to do so, *and for nothing less.*

OCEAN.—A good poet is not necessarily a natural musician; on the contrary, some poets have no ear for music at all. On the other hand, not one musician in a hundred has any talent for poetry. Although the musical and poetical faculties are nearly allied, and sometimes combine powerfully in the same person, they can and do exist quite independently of each other. It is stated that Pope, who had an exceedingly nice ear for poetical rhyme and measure, was quite deficient in musical gifts.

MONEYBAGS.—Now is a very good time to invest money in real estate, but the chances will be better six months or a year hence. As for "making money," cash itself is the best article to deal in for that purpose. Five dollars a day for the use of $1,000, is a common rate in Wall-street. A shrewd and active man, who has fifty thousand dollars in cash, can make from $15,000 to $25,000 a year with it, and only work from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

T. L. O, Augusta.—*Ca. Sa.* is an abbreviation of *Capias ad Satisfaciendum*, a judicial writ of execution, which issues out on the record of a judgment, where there is a recovery of debt, damages, &c. By this writ the Sheriff is commanded to *take the body of the defendant*—that is, to *arrest* him, &c. A *Fi. Fa.*, or *Fieri Facias*, is a writ whereby the Sheriff is commanded to levy upon the goods and chattels of the defendant, to satisfy a judgment.

EURYANTHE.—We do not know what your pecuniary and social condition is, therefore we cannot decide whether or no you had better "spend two hours a day in learning embroidery." This is rather a useless art, in practical life; you cannot excel in it without constant practice, and poor embroidery is miserable trash indeed. Better learn something more useful, and then *buy* such embroidered articles as you may need, and shall be able to treat yourself with.

L. N. R.—There would be no harm in sending your daguerreotype to the young man, according to his request, if your mother will permit you to do so. You should not send it, however, without consulting her. Any of the leading daguerreotypists in this city, or in Brooklyn, would take your likeness well. We do not care to specify any particular artist, since there are so many equally deserving.

S. K. Y.—Having promised to embark in the enterprise, you should either keep your word or else compensate your friends for any damages they shall sustain by your failure to do so. You could not be made to indemnify them, but you would undoubtedly take much satisfaction in doing the thing up handsomely. No one ever regrets a manly and magnanimous act.

ZELICA.—If your father and mother very much want you to wait until you become twenty-one before marrying, why not do it? You should be willing to make a far greater sacrifice than that for such excellent and loving parents as you represent yours to be. Tell the young man he must wait a couple of years.

ST. LOUIS.—We have nothing to do with the politics of Missouri, feel no interest in them, and shall express no opinion about them. But we have no doubt that Missouri is a good State for farmers to settle in, and land therein will undoubtedly continue to increase rapidly in value. You can buy the LEDGER at any of the St Louis news-offices.

SAMUEL.—Before he marries, a young man should, if he can do so without unreasonable delay and discomfort, accumulate enough to furnish a house moderately and have a few hundred dollars in cash on hand. In fact, common-sense, prudence, and foresight should regulate the marriage contract, as well as all others.

DECATUR.—It is impossible for us to tell whether or no you could pass the preliminary examination at the United States Naval Academy. It is very severe as to physical qualifications; and a boy who is deficient in sight or hearing, or is nervous, or has any defect of bone, flesh or muscle, is certain to be rejected.

MONTAGUE.—You probably could not do better than to buy a farm in Minnesota, or Iowa, as you propose. The fact that your wife is anxious to remove thither is an item very much in favor of the scheme. With your farm paid for, well stocked, and fifteen hundred dollars cash, you ought to be able to thrive in any State in the Union.

NORMA.—You must settle it with your own conscience whether it would be wicked to go to the opera, theatre and other places of amusement. In all such matters, the individual, if arrived at the age of discretion, must decide for himself or herself what would be proper or improper.

EVANGELINE.—You did quite right in telling the girl's mother of her daughter's intention to elope. You did not seek her confidence, nor promise to keep her secret; and, besides, it was your *duty* to save her from the consequences of such a sad blunder as her elopement would have been.

AUTUMN.—Your friend is laboring under a serious hallucination, and unless he can be cured all his vast estate will be frittered away. You have no right, however, to interfere forcibly, but must confine yourself to the use of mental and moral influences.

PHILADELPHIA.—You should keep your promise, and marry the girl, unless you can give better reasons for not doing so. She, however, is very foolish in wishing to *compel* you to marry her. It is evident, from your letter, that she could not do worse than to link her fate to yours for life.

PRUDENCE.—You were none too prudent in demanding references of the "handsome gentleman" before letting him the rooms, and he had no right to take offence at your caution. These "handsome gentlemen," whose dignity is so easily stirred, need very close watching indeed.

B. E. J.—If a lady does not answer a gentleman's letter, he should be careful to understand his ground before writing a second time to her; although there would be no impropriety in his doing so.

R. J.—None but the pupils of the New York Public Schools are allowed to attend the Free Academy. Tuition and books are furnished the pupils free of charge. The full course of study extends through five years.

SEMINARY PUPIL.—You should not slight any of your lessons. If you have too many studies, tell the principal so, and discontinue some of them. You should of course obey all the regulations of the school, and not attempt to elude or transgress them.

D. M. K.—Your mortgage should be recorded in the County Clerk's office as soon as possible. The man was a swindler who told you it would make no difference whether it was recorded or not.

PETER G.—We never vary from our published terms. You can get the back numbers of the LEDGER from the first of October last; price, four cents each.

JOAB.—You should consult the works of some good commentator upon the Scriptures.

O. G. M.—Conciliate the old folks.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*